

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

ON December 7th, we shall issue a Special Illustrated Number of the ACADEMY, which will include classified reviews of the Christmas books published this season, including new illustrated editions, art books, gift books for children, story books for boys and girls, and nursery books.

To the eighth edition of *The Foundations of Belief* Mr. Arthur Balfour has added "a summary of the argument," of 21 pages. He has also written an introduction of 28 pages, from which we quote a passage:

Surveying the work after an interval of years, with a rested eye, I perceive in it certain peculiarities, or, if it be preferred, errors of construction, which may well leave the reader more impressed—favourably or unfavourably—by particular arguments and episodes than by the ordered sequence of the whole. A well-known theologian [Principal Fairbairn] (who, by the way, has himself completely failed to catch my general drift) observed in a review, which he has since republished, that the book is redeemed by its digressions; and though I cannot be expected gratefully to accept so dubious a compliment, I admit that the interest of certain branches of the subject has occasionally betrayed me into giving them a relative prominence which the bare necessities of the general argument hardly seem to justify. Examples in point are the resthetic discussion in the second chapter of Part I., and the chapter on Authority in Part III. I have made no attempt to correct this fault, if fault it be. Had I done so the book would, no doubt, have been a good deal altered, but I doubt whether it would, on the whole, have been altered for the better. It might have gained in proportion and balance; but it would, perhaps, have lost whatever freshness and spontaneity it may ever have possessed. I have, therefore, contented myself with providing, in the argumentative summary mentioned above, a corrective to the too detailed treatment of certain portions of the work, hoping that by thus unsparingly thinning out the trees I shall enable the most careless wayfarer to understand without difficulty the general lie of the wood. I desire, however, emphatically to express a (perhaps not unbiassed) opinion that the book is something more than the expansion of its summary, and that no extract or essence can really reproduce the qualities of the original preparation—whatever those qualities may be worth.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORGATE send us the following:—"Philosophical activity at Oxford seems to be taking a decidedly novel form, to judge by what purports to be a new philosophical periodical entitled *Mind*, the Christmas Number of which is ready for publication. It appears to be a comic "double" of its namesake *Mind*, and in addition to a number of parodies in the style of most of the famous philosophers, contains also a very serious vein of ridicule directed against the "Absolutism," which seems

just now to be fashionable in English philosophy. Though all the contributions profess to be pseudonymous, the pseudonyms are often pretty transparent, and the editor and most of the contributors practically divulge their identity to the attentive reader."

It having been stated that a new edition of Darwin's *Origin of Species* has been prepared by a publishing firm, in view of the approaching expiration of the copyright of the first edition, Mr. Murray wishes it to be known that the edition which passes out of copyright at the end of this month is the imperfect edition, which was subsequently thoroughly revised by Mr. Darwin. If it were reprinted it would, he adds, be without the consent or authority of Mr. Darwin's representatives. The only authorised and complete editions are those published by Mr. Murray, and they do not lose copyright for several years to come.

MR. HENLEY's new volume of poems, which is published to-day, contains under the heading *Hawthorn and Lavender*, fifty-two poems; thirteen "London Types;" the Prologues to "Beau Austin," "Richard Savage," and "Admiral Guinea," and seven In Memoriam poems, under the heading "Epicedia." The volume also contains a dedication to Mrs. Henley, and this Prologue:

These to the glory and praise of the green land  
That bred my women, and that holds my dead,  
ENGLAND, and with her the strong broods that stand  
Wherever her fighting lines are thrust or spread!  
They call us proud?—Look at our English Rose!  
Shedders of blood?—Where hath our own been spared?  
Shopkeepers?—Our account the high God knows.  
Close?—In our bounty half the world hath shared.  
They hate us, and they envy? Envy and hate  
Should drive them to the Prr's edge?—Be it so!  
That race is damned which misesteems its fate;  
And this, in God's good time, they all shall know,  
And know you, too, you good green ENGLAND, then—  
Mother of mothering girls and governing men!

MESSRS. TREHERNE AND Co. have purchased *Crampton's Magazine*, and the December number will be issued by them. The magazine will be edited by Mr. Harold Tre-mayne, author of *Dross*.

OWING to the increased interest taken in aerial navigation, Messrs. Iliffe and Sons have decided to issue a quarterly magazine, entitled *Flying*.

THE author of *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*, we learn from the *Westminster Gazette*, has been expressing herself with frankness to the American interviewer:

"The main drawback of American society," said "Lucas Malet," "is that the young girl is of too much importance. I should like to see your influential men give more tone

to society, as they do in England. Young girls are, of course, very pretty, and sweet, and charming; but it is not to be expected that they should be intelligently interesting. The consequence is, that when you grant them such an important place, men of thought and position come to regard society as beneath their dignity, unworthy of serious consideration." "You don't seem to have an especially high opinion of your own sex?" said the surprised interviewer. "Well," said "Lucas Malet," "the fact is, that women can't teach me anything I don't already know, being a woman myself, whereas men can teach me a great deal."

MR. E. V. LUCAS is editing for Messrs. Methuen a new series of children's books, which bears the general title of "The Little Blue Books for Children." The aim of the editor is to get entertaining or exciting stories about normal children, the moral of which is implied rather than expressed. The first two volumes are *The Air-Gun*, by T. Hilbert, and *The Beechnut Book*, by Jacob Abbott.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have nearly ready a biography, in two volumes, of Lowell, written by Mr. H. E. Scudder, who has had the advice of Mr. Norton, editor of the *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, also access to some unpublished material.

It is difficult to associate two such novelists as Mr. Anthony Hope and Samuel Richardson, but the living writer gracefully offered his tribute to the "Father of the English Novel" on Wednesday evening at St. Bride's Institute. The occasion was the unveiling of a bust of Samuel Richardson, whose close connection with the parish and with the art of printing had inspired this memorial. The bust was the gift of Mr. Passmore Edwards. Mr. Hope, as was fit and inevitable, spoke brave words about the future of the novel. In another column we say our own say about Richardson. We observe that in an excellent leading article, probably by Mr. Herbert Paul, in the *Daily News* our own view of the importance of reading *Clarissa* is shared. *Clarissa* cannot be skipped or parodied is one of the writer's points. It is a magnificent tale and we hope Mr. Leslie Stephen was wrong when he said in the *Dictionary of National Biography* that Macaulay was Richardson's last enthusiast. We have already drawn attention to Messrs. Chapman and Hall's beautiful complete edition of Richardson's works.

COMMENTING on the bust just unveiled, the *Manchester Guardian* compares Richardson's career as a printer to that of Luke Hansard, the founder of the famous reports of Parliamentary debates. Richardson, who was the son of a Derbyshire joiner, and who died about the time that Hansard was born, was apprenticed to a London printer, became printer to the House of Commons, Master of the Stationers' Company, and part printer to the King. Hansard, who came from Norwich, was apprenticed to Mr. Hughes, the printer to the House of Commons, became a partner and eventually sole proprietor of the business. But the *Guardian* is wrong in stating that Richardson is buried in the church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand. He is buried in St. Bride's, Fleet Street, by the side of his wife. His grave is in the middle aisle, not far from the Communion rail, and is usually hidden from sight by the cocoanut matting. The courteous verger, however, will roll this down the aisle for any visitor who wishes to see the gravestone. There is also a brass tablet to Richardson high up on the wall of the north aisle, in the shadow of the gallery: this can only be read by the aid of a step-ladder and a taper, as we know by experience.

THE latest manifestation of the Omar Khayyam cult is an Omar Khayyam calendar to hang on your hall. It is pictorial, and has been executed by Miss Blanche McManus, and is issued by the De La More Press, of High Holborn. Quite a pretty thing, and the Fitzgerald quatrains are very applicable. The general motto of the calendar is the 4th quatrain of Fitzgerald's first translation:

Now the New Year reviving Old Desires,  
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,  
There the White Hand of Moses on the Bough  
Puts out and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

*Apropos* of Fitzgerald, the following juxtapositions in Messrs. Sotheby's latest book auction catalogue are not without a certain fitness:

- 564 FITZGERALD (E.) Polonius: a Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances, FIRST EDITION, *fine copy*. 1852  
565 Keene (Charles) The Work of, with an Introduction by Joseph Pennell, and a Bibliography, 140 illustrations fol. 1897

Eighteen years ago Keene wrote to Fanny Kemble: "Next week I am expecting my grave friend Charles Keene, of *Punch*, to come for a week, bringing with him his bagpipes and a book of madrigals, and our Archdeacon will come to meet him and to talk ancient music and books, and we three shall drive out past the hedges and heaths, with their furze in blossom—and I wish—yes, I do, that you were of the party."

BEGINNERS in letters do not want for encouragement in America. They are hustled into the sunshine with a glad promptitude which we have not the heart to dislike. Just listen to this prattle of a Boston literary gossip, Miss Lilian Whiting:

Grace Ellery Channing Stetson is one of the younger authors of Boston who is destined to contribute something of permanent value to the world of letters. The granddaughter of the famous and saintly divine, she inherits the literary touch of the Channings, and her life in Italy and in California has surrounded her with that atmosphere of beauty which her pen reflects and interprets so admirably. As the wife of that notable artist, Charles Walter Stetson, she dwells not "among the untrodden ways" like Wordsworth's "Lucy," but in an atmosphere of ideal resplendence in form and color. Her collection of stories under the caption of *The Fortune of a Day* will soon be followed by another volume, of which the title is to be announced. Oscar Fay Adams, whose inimitable collection of short stories under the title of *The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment* has made his name so well known, has just finished a complete novel, which will doubtless be among the successes of next spring. But this is anticipating.

It certainly is anticipating. But in Boston you are famous to-day and publish to-morrow.

THE life and work of Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., form the subject of the Christmas number of the *Art Journal* just issued. The artist's progress is carefully traced, and the events of his life so far as they are of public interest.

A RECENT *Handbook to Prose Fiction*, compiled for the use of borrowers at Free Libraries, does not appear to be a very helpful publication. Of Jane Austen we are told that she was "a gem of the first water." Of Sir Walter Besant, that "his works are well known and much thought of." Miss Marie Corelli is compared with Balzac, and her *Barabas* is declared to be supplementary to the New Testament narrative. *The Master-Christian* is said to be a "sermon." Mrs. Croker "gives a 'good time' to her readers without unduly straining their mental powers."



Oliver Goldsmith is "one of the most distinguished ornaments of English literature." Voltaire is merely "a French writer of considerable talent and note." *The Last Days of Pompeii* fares thus: "Climbing Vesuvius, the author studies Italian antiquities and observes Italian manners with a wide reading of Latin literature and of Greek philosophy." A "specular mount" indeed! Of *The Water-Babies* we are told: "When read to a dying child on one occasion, the simple criticism by the little one was that 'it was like fresh air.'"

THE price of Mr. John Willis Clark's work, *The Care of Books*, which we noticed last week, is 18s. net, and not, as we stated, 42s. We regret the error, which was no doubt due partly to the sumptuous appearance of the volume. The Cambridge University Press can be congratulated on their inexpensive workmanship.

THE *pièce de résistance* of the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is Mr. Henley's article on R. L. S., which we discuss elsewhere; but another article of literary interest is provided in Mr. William Sharp's notes on the well-known literary friendship of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton, who for many years have been co-tenants of "The Pines" at Putney. The following picture of their everyday life will interest many:

At their joint home each lives a busy and yet serene life. Most of Mr. Swinburne's time is spent in the open air or in his pleasant study on the first floor of The Pines: often in the long, tree-shadowed, secluded garden—or natural alley, for there is little of the conventional villa-garden—or in long rambles on Wimbledon Common. Mr. Swinburne never writes out of doors, nor uses the garden for what Rossetti was wont to call (though rarely to use as) "a thought-walk." Here, however, Mr. Watts-Dunton spends much of his time, loving well to remember, to think, and to dream, under the green boughs which recall youth and Rhona Boswell, and much that has happened since the old gypsy days. Here, too, occasionally, the friends spend an hour or so resting and chatting. Mr. Swinburne, like Lord Tennyson, has no great love of seeing strangers; but the many visitors to Mr. Watts-Dunton make daily demands upon his time. Of an afternoon the front door is seldom left long unopened, for this "partner in the Pines" has not only a multitude of friends and acquaintances, but is constantly being sought by strangers on one literary plea or another. And a very delightful garden it is, with its high waving elms and beeches beyond, and its pretty corner behind the cherry-trees with the statue of a bending nymph, or its mid-space where stands a fine statue of the Vatican Venus, once the occupant of a like commanding situation in Rossetti's garden at Cheyne Walk.

"THAT vulgar Heretick, who caught the Ear of the Semi-literate with his low German Accent." This is Carlyle as seen by our eccentric and impetuous friend the *Rambler*. It is written *apropos* of Mr. Birrell's surprising digression about Carlyle in his preface to his edition of Boswell. After taking from Mr. Birrell Carlyle's picture of the peasant who aided Charles II. in his escape after Worcester ("This, then, was a genuine flesh-and-blood rustic of the year 1651; he did actually swallow bread and buttermilk . . . with these hobnailed shoes has sprawled through mud roads in winter . . . was born, was a son, was a father," &c.), the *Rambler* proceeds: "In all the dull, stupid, endless, ignominious volumes of that heavy half-foreign Fool, is it possible to chuse a more hopelessly characteristic Summary? And this it is that Mr. Birrell selects for the Admiration of his Readers. The clear Conclusion is that Mr. Birrell is also contemptible." We should say that a clearer conclusion than this might be arrived at, though we are afraid it would be not less personal.

THE current *Rambler* is, indeed, all literary, and some readers will doubtless enjoy Mr. Helm's onslaught on Macaulay as a balladist. His text is *Ivry*, a poem known to every schoolboy, and the marrow of his criticism is this:

We cannot pause to point out all the Absurdities of this rhapsodical Composition, but we must really draw the Attention of our Readers to one "Derangement of Epitaphs" so nice that even the immortal Type of middle Age and feminine Ignorance, conceived of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, could not have improved upon it. The Poet places in the Mouths of his extraordinary Huguenots Pæans of Joy because, among other Performances never-equalled on Battle-field before or since,

" . . . The good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the Cornet white,  
Our own true Maximilian the Cornet white has ta'en,  
The Cornet white with Crosses black, the Flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide; . . ."

and so on. Now, so far as we know, a Cornet, as a possible Object of Capture on the Field of Battle, can only be one of two Things. It may be a Species of Trumpet, with which we are most of us only too familiar, or it may be the youthful Commander of a small Number of Horse-soldiers. Either might conceivably be described as white, the first if it was of Silver, the other if he was pale with Fright. But to what the "Crosses black" refer, we cannot imagine, unless a young Officer is supposed to have worn Strips of sticking Plaster to close some slight Sword-wounds in his Face. Even so, it would be ridiculous to describe either Trumpet or Subaltern as a Flag, though the Term seems for a moment to afford a Clue to the Author's Intention. By Cornet he perhaps means Ensign, in the Sense of Standard-bearer. But no, for in the next Line the Huguenot Host are called upon to unfurl it wide. Now a Cornet of Horse may undoubtedly go on Furlough, but he cannot be unfurled, and, as for a Trumpet, there is no Grain of Sense discoverable in the Application of the Verb.

AMERICA is still trying to make up its mind whether to give Gorky a warm place in its heart or not. Meanwhile the garbs in which he is presented by two translators are being compared, not without perplexity. One reader sends to his literary paper the following parallel passages from the renderings of Miss Hapgood and Mr. Bernstein:

#### MISS HAPGOOD.

My heart is high as a blade of grass (p. 218).

Carouse away, without regard to anything. . . But if you mix your heart up with it—the porridge gets spilled and the bowl is smashed on the floor (p. 285).

The itching curiosity of Eve will be your undoing (p. 293).

. . . shouted Foma, bursting into a hearty laugh (p. 326).

. . . something is said about tears (p. 344).

No, I cannot endure it any longer. You are the first I ever had (p. 411).

His collar covered his teeth (p. 439).

Neither in fire nor in boiling mire shall you be roasted (p. 436).

Rendered helpless by the disgrace of his conquest (p. 437).

#### MR. BERNSTEIN.

Like a blade of grass my heart has withered (p. 217).

Enjoy yourself without looking back at anything. And then, when the gruel is eaten up, smash the bowl on the ground (p. 281).

How the itching curiosity of Eve gives you no rest (p. 289).

. . . exclaimed Foma, longing to hear it (p. 320).

There is something there about dreams (p. 337).

No, I can't bear it any longer, I am nervous (p. 401).

. . . and the collar covered his lips (p. 427).

Not in fire, but in boiling mud you shall be scorched (p. 424).

Exhausted by the disgrace of his defeat (p. 425).

MESSRS. PICKERING AND CHATTO, of the Haymarket, have issued a catalogue of books for sale which is itself a noble volume. It is in quarto, illustrated. Every kind of book is catalogued; and title pages, illustrations, illuminated

MSS. and bindings are reproduced in profusion. Among nearly six thousand entries our eye falls on an old medical work with which Shakespeare may have been familiar: Ulricus Hutten's treatise, *Of the Woode Called Guaiachii that Healeth*, &c. In some owner's handwriting, and dated 1539, the following verses appear:

Three score & ten the age & life of man  
In holy Davids eyes semde but a span  
And half that tyme is spent and lost in sleepe  
Soe onely thirtie five for us wee keepe.

Our days of youth must be abated all  
Childhood and youth wise Salamon doth call  
But vanity, mere vanity he sayes  
In what befalls us in our childish dayes.

Our dayes of age, wee take noe pleasure in  
Our dayes of youth wee wish had never beene  
Soe age deducted youth & sleep & sorrow  
Onely one span is all the lyfe wee borrowe.

What is our lyfe, a play of passion  
Our mirth the musicke of division  
Our mothers wombes the lyringe houses be  
Where wee are drest for lives short comedie

Heaven the Judicious eye spectator is  
To see whats acted well & whats amisse  
The grave which hides us from the scorching sonn  
Are lives drawn curtein when the play is donn  
Thus actinge haste we to our latest rest  
And then wee dye in earnest not in jest.

Written the 3d of November, 1638.

Excellent, too, is the illustrated *Caxton Head Catalogue* just issued by Mr. James Tregaskis, of High Holborn. It describes manuscripts for the mediaevalist, incunabula and early typography for the great libraries—some of them hitherto unknown or undescribed—bookbindings ranging in period from the stamped leather of the fifteenth century, through the fine Venetian and French work to that of modern times.

## Bibliographical.

It is to be regretted that Mr. W. H. Fitchett did not prefix or append to his *Tale of the Great Mutiny* a bibliography of the subject. In his opening pages he discusses some of the larger and more important works thereon. But, as a matter of fact, there is a whole literature of the Mutiny, and a list of the works which have reference to it would have been a very considerable boon. Few things are more common nowadays than the publication of the biography or autobiography of a soldier who saw service in India during those troublous times, and has something to add to the general stock of information. Mr. Fitchett would have been the very man to put together such a bibliography as I suggest, coming, as he does, fresh from a careful study of all the available authorities. I am glad to see that in the preface to the new memoir of John Howard Mr. E. C. S. Gibson reviews, with comments, the labours of his predecessors in the same field. Such reviews are very useful to those who desire to embark upon a further study of the topic dealt with.

It has hitherto been impossible, save by guess-work based on internal evidence, to assign either to Professor Aytoun or to Sir Theodore Martin the authorship of any one of the *Bon Gualtier Ballads*. The dual authorship has been sedulously maintained, the mystery guarded. At last, however, Sir Theodore has divulged one of the secrets of the prison-house. He has informed Mr. Anthony C. Deane, the compiler of *A Little Book of Light Verse*, that Aytoun was "responsible" for "The Massacre of the Macpherson." This is well worth noting. Moreover, it is a fact—is it not?—that since the publication of the *Ballads* Sir Theodore has never printed over his own name any verse conceived in the same delightful and admirable spirit.

A well-known literary gossip has been telling his readers that the Mr. Ralph Hall Caine who, it would seem, has purchased the copyright of *Household Words* and proposes to continue the paper, is not a brother but a son of the novelist, and is only eighteen years old. If that be so, who is the Mr. Ralph H. Caine who, in 1892, brought out a collection of English love poetry (thus following *Lyrics of Love*, 1874, and anticipating *Lyric Love*, 1894)? In 1892 the Mr. R. H. Caine of the gossip would be about nine years old; so I feel curious as to the respective identities of the two Messrs. Ralph Caine.

The title and subject of Mr. James Burnley's *Summits of Success* remind me of a volume, published a good many years ago, and very similar in aim, called *The Secret of Success*. Smiles's *Self-Help* was, of course, the inspirer of both books, as it has been the inspirer of many another volume for the instruction of youth. Mr. Burnley, I may add, has a chapter on "Men who have Fallen by the Way," which recalls to me a work entitled *Men Who Have Failed*, issued not so very long ago by the S.P.C.K.

Bibliographers should note that the second series of Max Müller's *Last Essays*, just published, contains a paper on "Ancient Prayers" which (to the best of the editor's knowledge) has not been printed before. It also includes an essay, "Is Man Immortal?" hitherto published only in the columns of some American newspapers.

Glancing through the pages of the new volume of *The English Catalogue* (1898-1900), I am struck by the fact that space might have been saved if the full names of authors had been less frequently employed. Why, for instance, should so long a name as "Rosa Nouchette Carey" be given more than once? In all the following entries it could be cut down to "Carey, R.N." or "Carey, Rosa N." The point is a small one, but everything which might save space is worth considering, especially when so large a field is covered.

It seems that the biography of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, which Mr. Herbert Paul wrote for the *Dictionary of National Biography*, had to be cut down before publication by about two-thirds. It is now to be brought out in volume form, as originally written. Mr. Paul is more lucky than most contributors to Dictionaries. Let us hope that the publishers will be equally kind to others similarly placed. Some of the larger memoirs will well bear reproduction in separate volumes. Some day, perhaps, as has been suggested, the *Dictionary* will be split up into sections and re-issued in that fashion. Why not? The original work, in its completeness, would still remain an object of desire by thousands. Study nowadays is largely, almost necessarily, specialised, and why should not the big *Dictionary* be parcelled out into little Dictionaries of ecclesiastical, military, naval, literary, artistic, commercial biography, and so forth? Then would come the opportunity to supply omissions, to bring information down to date, and to expand the bibliographical element very considerably.

I think of christening myself anew. The fact is, I have been looking through Mr. Cockerell's little work on *Book-binding*, and have read with mingled feelings the couple of pages he assigns to Bookworms. He quotes M. Jules Cousin as recommending that, where they show themselves, they should be confronted with pieces of linen soaked in essence of turpentine, camphor, or an infusion of tobacco. "A little fine pepper might also be scattered on the shelf." "Possibly," adds Mr. Cockerell, "Keating's Insect Powder would answer as well [as] or better than pepper." "Bookworms," he remarks, "do not attack modern books very much"—(which is a comfort). "Probably they dislike the alum put in the paste and the millboards made of old tarred rope." "Old tarred rope!" Can such things be? I join with my namesakes in their mute but practical protest.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Mr. Thomas Hardy's New Poems.

*Poems of the Past and the Present.* By Thomas Hardy.  
(Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

In Mr. Hardy's new volume of poetry, even more than in his *Wessex Poems*, we are in the company of a profoundly serious sympathiser with human nature, a disillusioned observer of life, a frustrated searcher after divine purposes; while the curious mastery of sombre measures and grave and intricate rhyming schemes is even more noticeable—so much so that Mr. Hardy (like his friend and fellow-countryman, William Barnes, before him) seems often to have set himself difficulties for the mere pleasure of overcoming them, without in any way injuring the argument of the poem. But in no other way, save in an occasional mention of the same localities, is Barnes suggested. Between the lyrical cheerfulness and simple piety of the singer of Blackmoor Vale and Mr. Hardy's gloomy recognition of chaos and wrong the widest gulf is fixed. Barnes was, after Burns, perhaps as good an example of the natural poet as could be found. Mr. Hardy is too self-conscious, too deliberately rhetorical, too monotonously disenchanted, for the word poet to spring naturally to our lips at all in connection with this book. There is more of sheer poetry in his novels. Mr. Hardy has his lyrical moments, as we shall show later, although we feel that he has had difficulty in urging his vocabulary to keep pace with them; and we know perfectly well that, under happier conditions, he could sing with the best. But the time is not now. To-day it seems as if his world-weariness, his sense of the transitoriness, the illusion, of all happiness, so preoccupy him that for poetry pure and simple he has no time. He feels too strongly. His melancholia is so absorbing that anything extraneous, anything that might divert his mind towards something frankly beautiful or joyous, must be eschewed.

We are not complaining—we are merely stating the case. For this is a very remarkable book, which, personally, we would not have altered. Mr. Hardy's hopelessness is no pose; it is the genuine condition of mind reached, probably very unwillingly, by a sincere student of life, and expressed with great power and lucidity. No other living writer could have written this book.

Let us give, without further remarks, some idea of the character of the work. On page 111 is a poem "To an Unborn Pauper Child," suggested by the sentence of a magistrate: "She must go to the Union House to have her baby." We quote three stanzas:

Had I the circuit of all souls  
Ere their terrestrial chart unrolls,  
And thou wert free  
To cease, or be,  
Then would I tell thee all I know,  
And put it to thee: Wilt thou take Life so?

Fain would I, dear, find some shut plot  
Of earth's wide world for thee, where not  
One tear, one qualm,  
Should break the calm.  
But I am weak as thou and bare;  
No man can move the stony gods to spare!

Vain vow! No hint of mine may hence  
To theward fly: to thy locked sense  
Explain none can  
Life's dismal plan:  
Thou wilt thy ignorant entry make  
Though skies spout fire and blood and nations quake.

The prominent notes of Mr. Hardy's thought are struck there: the helplessness of man, the unavoidability of destiny, the carelessness of the gods. It is wrong to say

that he sees no good in life; on the contrary, he sees much. The very fact that men and women, the sport of Fate, can be friendly to each other—that they are subject, in a word, to such an impulse as that which has prompted Mr. Hardy himself to address the unborn pauper child in these kindly verses—would probably be to him sufficient reason for continuing the present scheme of things, however awry. Hence the effect of the book, though sad, is also sweet, for we remember no work that, between the lines, so urges kindness and tolerance between man and man. When Heaven is blind and hard let us be doubly watchful and considerate—that is Mr. Hardy's implicit moral.

Take these stanzas from another poem, "The Bed-ridden Peasant to an Unknowing God":

That some disaster cleft Thy scheme  
And tore us wide apart,  
So that no cry can cross, I deem;  
For Thou art broad of heart,

And would'st not shape and shut us in  
Where voice can not be heard:  
'Tis plain Thou meant'st that we should win  
Thy succour by a word.

Might but Thy sense flash down the skies  
Like man's from clime to clime,  
Thou would'st not let me agonize  
Through my remaining time;

But, seeing how much Thy creatures bear—  
Lame, starved or maimed, or blind—  
Thou'dst heal the ills with quickest care  
Of me and all my kind.

Then, since Thou mak'st not these things be,  
But these things dost not know,  
I'll praise Thee as were shown to me  
The mercies Thou would'st show.

It is a very beautiful, a very Christian, type of Agnosticism that can prompt such a poem as that. Indeed, it has been left to Mr. Hardy, among non-believers, to construct a new gospel of kindness, a spiritualised "service of man." The ordinary agnostic who has serious thought for his fellows offers a hard materialism in the place of the religion in which he finds no solace. Mr. Hardy, who is not ordinary, might be called an unbelieving mystic. This little poem, "The Subalterns," illustrates what we mean:

"Poor wanderer," said the leaden sky,  
"I fain would lighten thee,  
But there be laws in force on high  
Which say it must not be."

"I would not freeze thee, shorn one," cried  
The North, "knew I but how  
To warm my breath, to slack my stride;  
But I am ruled as thou."

"To-morrow I attack thee, wight,"  
Said Sickness. "Yet I swear  
I bear thy little ark no spite,  
But am bid enter there."

"Come hither, Son," I heard Death say;  
"I did not will a grave  
Should end thy pilgrimage to-day,  
But I, too, am a slave."

We smiled upon each other then,  
And life to me wore less  
That fell contour it wore ere when  
They owned their passiveness.

Two other poems might be mentioned in this connection, wherein Mr. Hardy, for whom, the readers of *Wessex Poems* will remember, the dead have always a romantic fascina-

tion, sets up what is to us a new theory of life in the grave. This poem, dated 1899, first states the theory:

#### HIS IMMORTALITY.

I saw a dead man's finer part  
Shining within each faithful heart  
Of those bereft. Then said I: "This must be  
His immortality."

I looked there on a later day,  
And still his soul outshaped, as when in clay,  
Its life in theirs. But less its shine excelled  
Than when I first beheld.

His fellow-yearsman passed, and then  
In later hearts I looked for him again;  
And found him—shrunk, alas! into a thin  
And spectral mannikin.

Lastly I ask—now aged and chill—  
If aught of him remain unperished still;  
And find, in me alone, a feeble spark,  
Dying amid the dark.

In the poem that follows it, "The To-Be-Forgotten," the idea is carried further, the dead in the churchyard being overheard to complain, not of their first death, which is bearable, but of that second and final and dreaded death, when the last friend in whom their memory is being kept sweet on earth dies also.

We cannot think Mr. Hardy always successful. The poem describing the dream in which he visits Heaven to wrest from God some answer to the cry of the sons of earth is not what it should be. So tremendous an idea should be expressed finally the first time. Mr. Hardy has not given it the best form nor the dignity we expect from his verse. Again, "The Ruined Maid" is a mistake. The poem has six stanzas, but the first says all. Thus:

"O 'Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!—  
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?  
And whence such fair garments, such prosperi-ty?"  
"O didn't you know I'd been ruined?" said she.

The rest is anti-climax.

We have left ourselves no space wherein to remark upon Mr. Hardy's war poems, which bear, as might be expected, rather upon those left behind than those at the front: the grief of the wives and widows, with a reminder, hardly to be avoided by one of Mr. Hardy's temperament, of the circumstance that the struggle is raging in the year of our Lord 1901. Nor have we left ourselves room to say anything of Mr. Hardy's poems of frustrated love, that persistent subject of his thoughts. There are several remarkable ironical lyrics on this theme (one sweetly tender lament, entitled "Lezbie Brown"), and a curiously chilling ballad, "The Return to Athelhall"; but the *Wessex Poems* had perhaps finer work in the same manner. Neither have we noticed Mr. Hardy's exercises in translation, or the dainty French forms which were popular some twenty years ago, and which he handles with much skill but rather too much gravity.

We prefer to end our remarks by quoting two other short poems complete. This sonnet, a kind of verse for which Mr. Hardy's deliberate movement and heavily Latinised vocabulary especially suit him, seems to us worthy to stand in any collection devoted to that measure:

#### IN THE OLD THEATRE, FIESOLE. (April, 1887.)

I traced the Circus whose gray stones incline  
Where Rome and dim Etruria interjoin,  
Till came a child who showed an ancient coin  
That bore the image of a Constantine.

She lightly passed; nor did she once opine  
How, better than all books, she had raised for me  
In swift perspective Europe's history  
Through the vast years of Caesar's sceptred line.

For in my distant plot of English loam  
'Twas but to delve, and straightway there to find  
Coins of like impress. As with one half blind  
Whom common simples cure, her act flashed home  
In that mute moment to my opened mind  
The power, the pride, the reach, of perished Rome.

We quote now one of Mr. Hardy's reflective lyrics, a very memorable little poem:

#### MUTE OPINION.

I traversed a dominion  
Whose spokesmen spoke out strong  
Their purpose and opinion  
Through pulpit, press, and song.  
I scarce had means to note there  
A large-eyed few, and dumb,  
Who thought not as those thought there  
That stirred the heat and hum.

When, grown a Shade, beholding  
That land in lifetime trode,  
To learn if its unfolding  
Fulfilled its clamoured code,  
I saw, in web unbroken,  
Its history outwrought  
Not as the loud has spoken.  
But as the dumb had thought.

In these poems, as in his last volume, Mr. Hardy seeks to give poetic form to the poetry of the last majestic sentence of *Tess*.

#### In A.D. 2000.

*Anticipations.* By H. G. Wells. (Chapman & Hall.  
7s. 6d.)

If a man had tried in A.D. 1800 to forecast the state of affairs in A.D. 1900, what sort of a jumble would he have made of his prophecy? An acute thinker might certainly have foretold the spread of what is called democracy; he might conceivably have hinted at the development of the United States, and it is possible that he could have suggested the concentration of the German speaking peoples against the aggressiveness of the French. But if he had even noticed the pump-engine—which is unlikely—he would not have foreseen the Canadian-Pacific railway, the Atlantic cable, the telephone, and all that they imply. And this consideration makes one rather suspicious of the prophet who pries into the future and maps out the lives of our great-grandchildren. These *Anticipations* by Mr. Wells, however, have a special justification. The past century differed in an extraordinary way from all previous centuries. Hitherto the social systems of the world had all stood upon the same basis, whatever the variety of their developments. Horace and Pope could have met on equal terms, and discussed the backward and forward swing of the pendulum from the point at which they met. Under Augustus the wind blew men as fast across the sea, and the horse galloped as swiftly across the land, as could be expected under Anne, and except in certain speedier methods of destroying one's enemies, men found themselves in both epochs with the same problems to face and the same means of facing them. But with the nineteenth century the world left its groove. An unexpected, unprecedented influence came into force, sending it in quite another direction. Already it has sent it a certain distance. What will happen if that influence persists, as it must, and grows, as it almost certainly will? There is Mr. Wells's justification. He fastens on the new influence, indicates its present force and effect, and follows out the lines upon which it is impelling us. With these data he presents a rough sketch, filled in now and again with careful detail, of the world as it will be in A.D. 2000, a world which it is reasonable to suppose will differ from to-day's as much



as to-day's differs from that of Pitt, Bentham, and Nelson. He puts aside such defections as sentiment may cause—and even in a century of telephones and aeroplanes we have Christian Scientists and Satanists and occultists of all sorts; and there may come another Buddha, another Mahomet, another Messiah to set the world in another swing. But Mr. Wells follows sanely and soberly the lines of present development. What is to be the effect of this new influence which has already shown its direction? In the answer to the question the scientific imagination which is his serves him well. We will not lavish compliments, but say simply that his book, as a criticism and forecast of society, is a serious, important, and memorable work.

Let us indicate some of the results which Mr. Wells deduces from this new element which has entered into the life of the world. That phrase gives the clue. For in the future it is the life of the world which must be dealt with, and not that of this and that isolated autonomous society, hoeing its own furrow and eating its own bread. Ease and rapidity of travel and communication are throwing the world into a state of deliquescence. In his earlier chapters he traces the evolution of the railway from the pump-engine, and, following on from the development of motor-cars and the reorganisation of the present lines of traffic, foresees a London spreading over the whole of South-Eastern England, but containing a number of urban regions each with its own centre. But from the annihilation of distance by telephone, telegraph, and rapid transit follow social effects of much more import than a redistribution of population. In the old days a man had to live, as it were, over his shop, or at least in easy touch of his estate. The possession of wealth implied some sort of responsibility. A new class has sprung up: it embraces all classes but those of the abyss, as Mr. Wells terms it—a class of shareholders who are, in so far as their wealth from shares is concerned, functionless. And there is no sign that this class is not destined to persist. Hence Mr. Wells infers, for A.D. 2000, a class of shareholders who will be the ornamental part of society. On the other hand, the nineteenth century has produced the germ of another class—the engineers. By “engineers” Mr. Wells denotes all those whose business is with the mechanical side of life, from Sir John Aird to the plumber—who so far guards his ignorance as a woman guards her virtue. The railway, motor-car, cycle, and so forth have begun to evolve a class of skilled and capable men, who must by the mere impulse of their employment become more and more capable as they seek the education and training necessary for new developments. And it is to this class of engineers that Mr. Wells looks for the salvation of the world-society when the inevitable moment arrives.

We have, then, as the constituents of the society of, say, A.D. 1950, the three classes—shareholders, engineers, and those of the abyss—for the offscourings of the social organism must always be with us. Here we may note a slight confusion. Why should the shareholder and the engineer be “sharply contrasted”? Even now, as Mr. Wells shows, nearly everyone of moderate means lives partly as a shareholder; and as this latter class tends to expand, it is probable that a capable engineer will not be blind to the advantages of investment. But if we take the broad distinction between the wealthy who do not care to work and the moderately well-to-do who need to supplement their means, the division may be a useful one. And in sketching the typical homes of the serious, strenuous engineer and of the wealthy shareholder Mr. Wells throws out a notable possibility. Will the shareholder be able to “buy up much of the womankind that would otherwise be available to constitute those severe, capable, and probably by no means unhappy little establishments to which our typical engineers will tend, and so prevent many women from becoming mothers of a regenerating world”? There

is much in the present life of cities which points the question. “The life of a woman is all accident.” A man's career depends mainly on himself; a woman's on the man with whom she associates herself.

With the continued growth of the shareholding class, the brighter-looking matrimonial chances, not to speak of the glittering opportunities that are not matrimonial, will increase. Reading is now the privilege of all classes. There are few secrets of etiquette that a clever lower-class girl will fail to learn; there are few such girls, even now, who are not aware of their wide opportunities, or at least their wide possibilities, of luxury and freedom; there are still fewer who, knowing as much, do not let it affect their standards and conception of life. The whole mass of modern fiction written by women for women, indeed, down to the cheapest novelettes, is saturated with the romance of *mésalliance*.

Putting aside this alarming suggestion as a mere possibility, and passing over the forecasts of a society in which inquiries as to marriage status shall be as “bad form” as dinner-table squabbles over religious questions, we may ask how the capable engineer—the new, intermediate regenerating class—will enter into power. This will come, Mr. Wells thinks, by the inevitable development of “democracy”—the inverted commas will indicate Mr. Wells's opinion of this form of so-called government. The party machine requires an alleged “patriot.” Patriotism does not flourish in the void; one needs a foreigner. A patriotic party is an anti-foreign party, and the party machine must insist on dangers and national differences to drive the voters to the polls.

Nearer, and ever nearer the politicians of the coming times will force one another towards the verge, not because they want to go over it, not because anyone wants to go over it, but because they are, by their very nature, compelled to go that way; because to go in any other direction is to break up and lose power. And consequently the final development of the democratic system, so far as intrinsic forces go, will be, not the rule of the boss, nor the rule of the trust, nor the rule of the newspaper; no rule indeed, but international rivalry, international competition, international exasperation and hostility; and at last—irresistible and overwhelming—the definite establishment of the rule of that most stern and educational of all masters—*War*.

And then will come the turn of the engineers. War will no longer be a “thing of days and heroisms.” Mr. Wells ignores the growing sentimentalism which—with other foolish qualities—we have shown in South Africa—and pictures the future war as a pitiless affair of disciplined imagination. But—it may be suddenly—it will become clear that the whole apparatus of power is in the hands of a new class of intelligent and scientifically-educated men—the roads and railways and carts and cities, the drains and food supply, water and electricity, with guns and curious implements of destruction. With the apparatus of control in their hands they may say

“Suppose instead of our turning them and our valuable selves in a fool's quarrel against the ingenious and subtle guns of other men akin to ourselves, we use them in the cause of the higher sanity, and clear that jabbering war-tumult out of the streets . . . .”

That situation implies two things. Firstly, it implies that the engineers of the quarrelling nations are at one in knowledge and sympathy; and for that Mr. Wells has provided in his hypothesis. It is obvious, indeed, already, that science has no national frontiers. But secondly, we think, so momentous a decision implies a leader. Mr. Wells hints at the bare possibility of Caesarism as a temporary expedient, but misses the path when he turns aside from it. And with this evolution of the capable man what language or languages will survive in that “large synthesis”

of nations to which Pan Slavism, the union of the Latin nations, and so on points, to say nothing of the tendency of Americans to pay for introductions to English society—for a snob is a straw to show the wind's direction! The urban region developing between Chicago and the Atlantic is that marked out as the intellectual, political, and industrial centre of any permanent unification of the English-speaking States. And here, as in South Africa, English must win, while Welsh and Basque and Lithuanian must inevitably go under. In most places the man who speaks one of these and no other is practically dumb. But the victory of English as against French (which as against German has simplicity in its favour) is not assured. It is a matter of the engineering class again.

Among peoples not actually subject to British or American rule, and who are neither waiters nor commercial travellers, the inducements to learn English, rather than French or German, do not increase. If our initial assumptions are right, the decisive factor in this matter is the amount of science and thought the acquisition of a language will afford the man who learns it . . . . There is neither honour nor reward—there is not even food or shelter—for the American or Englishman who devotes a year or so of his life to the adequate treatment of any spacious question, and so small is the English reading public with any special interest in science that a number of important foreign scientific works are never translated into English at all.

English, French, German, with the strange possibilities of Chinese; these will be the contending linguistic forces of the year two thousand.

### A Great Intelligence.

*The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen.* By R. Barry O'Brien. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS life of a lawyer by a lawyer is a success. Mr. Barry O'Brien shares the late Lord Russell of Killowen's love of keeping to the point and putting the salient things in a clear light. A harmony between subject and writer is pleasantly felt all through the book, and is helped by the fact that Mr. O'Brien's biographical intentions were known to Lord Russell, who willingly talked to the purpose. Mr. O'Brien would drop into the Law Courts at luncheon time, find the Lord Chief at a simple repast in his room, and engage him in talk about his early and later practice. From the notes thus taken and the papers supplied by Lord Russell's family he has been able to construct a simple, lively, and convincing record of a man whose life presented, after all, no enigma. We all remember the Sir Charles Russell of countless *causes célèbres*. In the very newspapers you felt his power, his magnetism. It was a power that no one could dispute because it was personal. Lord Bowen described him as "an elemental force," and his biographer puts it well when he says that he was one of those men whose coming in and going out of a room made a difference. He was masterful in the smallest matters. Few men could refuse a game of cards with Russell if he wanted a game, which he generally did. When he was making his giant strides to the front on the Northern Circuit his roughness to solicitors was deeply resented. When reproached with this he said he could not help it: it all came of his intense interest in his cases. At a consultation he would say, without any preface whatever: "Well, Mr. A., I have read every word of your brief, and there is neither sense, fact, nor law in it from beginning to end." He was irritated by every sort of stupidity, delay, and affectation, and would snap at a solicitor for appearing before him in a fur-collared overcoat—a kind of dress he hated. Here is a story which illustrates the personal power of which we are speaking. After a long and hard

fight in a case at Liverpool, Russell perceived that he had at last reached the minds of the jury. At this very moment the judge intervened to save the jury from his influence. There was a sharp altercation, in which Russell and the judge were really arguing for the future control of the case, and the situation was acute. While they discussed the point, the respectable family solicitor who had briefed Russell rose in all the benevolent dignity of his broad-cloth and kid gloves and nicely-trimmed whiskers, and whispered with great deference, "Mr. Russell, you will allow me—" "Damn you! sit down," was all he got, in a voice heard by judge and jury. "The effect," we read, "was electrical. The solicitor sat down. The judge said no more. The jury collapsed. He then blazed away fiercely for another half-hour without interruption from anyone. The judge delivered a Balaklava charge against him, but the jury gave a verdict in his favour without leaving the box."

"To what do you ascribe Russell's great success?" a friend said to Lord Coleridge; "he does not seem to me to possess more remarkable qualities than other eminent men, to be a better speaker, to have more intellectual power: how does he do it?" "He imposes himself upon the jury and the Court" was the answer, and his Lordship added: "He is the biggest advocate of the century." Someone else said: "It is a pity that Russell is not a little more tolerant of the judge." It is notorious that he cowed some judges. This mastery over persons became irresistible when it was perceived that to pierce through or resist it was only to find yourself in the presence of a complete mastery over facts. Russell was an intellectual gymnast, with not a lazy fibre in his being. He had a hunger for facts, an unrivalled common sense in dealing with them, and an impetuous determination to impose both his facts and conclusions on others. He seemed to be always rather more watchful, informed, and resolute than his stoutest opponents. In cross-examination it was just his remorseless directness that told. He once explained what he thought English juries liked as follows:

In dealing with an English jury it is better to go straight to the point; the less *finesse* the better. It is different with an Irish jury. An Irish jury enjoys the trial. They can follow every turn of the game. They understand the points of skill; the play between an Irish witness and an Irish counsel is good fun, and they like the fun, and they don't mind the loss of time. They get as good value out of a trial as they would out of the theatre. With an English jury it is different. They are busy men, and they want to get away quickly. The great thing in dealing with an English jury is not to lose time. Mere *finesse* they don't appreciate; go straight at the witness and at the point; throw your cards on the table. It is a simple method, and I think it is a good method.

It was Russell's method, and it may be studied in perfection in his terrible cross-examination of Pigott in the Parnell inquiry, where the perspiration was soon streaming down the face of the forger under a hail of aimed and reasoned questions. Yet, at a pinch, Russell could use *finesse*, and he thought that one of his best pieces of work was the cross-examination of an adventurer, who called herself Miss Wilberforce, in *Wilberforce v. Philp*. It was a libel case, and Russell's task was rendered peculiarly difficult by the pretty, suppliant, mouse-like way of the plaintiff, who was accommodated with a seat on the Bench, in order that Mr. Justice Field, who was getting very deaf, might hear her evidence. She made the most of this position, and smiled and trembled her way into the Judge's heart. Russell saw that he must make his exposure gradual, and this he did. Miss Wilberforce's attempts to edge her chair nearer and nearer to the judge, who seemed to like it, became to Russell the measure of his failure. He had to play the game with great care. When, at last, on the third reassembling of the Court, the judge waved



his hand toward the young lady, sharply saying: "Not so close, madam, not so close," Russell knew that his time had come, and he pressed her until her whole story was shown to be a fabrication.

Lord Russell married in 1859, when his uphill fight in London was but begun. In that year his earnings were £117; in 1860 they were £261; in 1861, £441; and in 1862, £1,016. In the following year he made £1,089; in 1864, £1,739; in 1866, £2,367; and in 1870, £4,230. In 1874 he made no less than £10,800, being engaged in many election petitions; and in the last whole year of his practice at the Bar (1893) he made £22,517.

The Lord Chief Justice's recreations were not Parnasian. His greatest pastime was horse-racing, of which he was an excellent judge. Cards he loved. He was happy at a dinner party and at a first-night at the theatre. The sort of play which pleased him best was a simple drama, founded upon some story of deep human interest." He liked good, straight, clean talk, but an unclean story he would not tolerate. He was not a great reader, and his acquaintance with current literature was superficial. Wishing to be civil to Mr. Stanley Weyman he said: "My young people, Mr. Weyman, speak constantly of your books, and tell me I ought to read them. I have read your *Prisoner of Zenda* with much pleasure." He read Shakespeare, and thought the most perfect lines of poetry were those in the "Merchant of Venice": "Look how the floor of heaven . . ." Moore's Melodies he knew from boyhood, when his mother had sung them in Ireland. Two books he always carried with him—*Locke on the Human Understanding* and the *Imitatio Christi*. Once, when ill at Leeds, he had the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* read to him.

Of Lord Russell's private life we have only glimpses, and those glimpses are discreet; and although again and again, in the course of the narrative, the reader has learned to see kindness, generosity, and chivalry under a rough manner and an apparently impatient mind, he will find yet deeper cause to respect Lord Russell's character in the letter which he addressed to his daughter on her decision to take the veil

### The Psychology of Battle.

Words By an Eyewitness: *The Struggle in Natal*. By "Linesman." (Blackwood. 6s.)

"WORDS by an eyewitness! You have there the words which a son of Adam, looking on the phenomenon itself, saw fittest for depicting it." These words of Carlyle's are the note of this book, in which a certain large and simple interpretation of war as a death-struggle between two sets of men is ever present, giving it a position which, on the whole, is unique in the literature of the Boer War. "Linesman" is curious about the real Tommy Atkins and the real Boer, and about the true inwardness of fighting. He maintains that Tommy Atkins does not desire glory, and for our part we find less novelty in this proposition than he seems to anticipate we shall find in it. We never yet could detect in the mind of a returned British soldier the slightest recognition of glory, and we are quite prepared to hear that Tommy is an unconscious hero, who is "prone to forget, with surprising quickness, deeds which live for ever in the minds of his compatriots at home." "Linesman" adds: "He is everything, in fact, that a soldier should be, save in one particular; and it is difficult as an Englishman not to secretly accord him yet another good mark, when we learn that the missing virtue is cunning!"

Of the private soldier's coolness, "Linesman" gives many examples. The little camp affairs of the moment, like the serving out of tea, are not disturbed by shell-fire;

and a man who thinks he is not receiving his full share maintains his grievance, and continues his grumbling even when his chances of ever drinking tea again are being awfully attacked. In the hottest hell of Colenso men were content with the ideas and jokes of Bird Cage Walk or Aldershot. Here is an instance: "Farther on, when we had entered that spitting, humming zone of rifle-fire, the like of which no living soldier had ever before witnessed, a bullet skimmed along the top of a man's head, just grazing the skin, and flicking off the hair in its course. Surely the time for a prayer, or even a shriek, if ever there were one. 'I've just had a free 'air-cut, mates!' was the only observation heard by the officer who witnessed this ghastly jest of the Pale One." That is admirably put. For it is the Pale One, of whom we all think of so vaguely and dreadfully, who is thus encountered.

What of the corporate feeling of an army in action? On this point, too, "Linesman" has interesting words. The unanimity of a mob we know, but "Linesman" says it is nothing to the unanimity of an army in which every man in the fighting line "is a moral sympiesometer in himself if he only knew it . . . . The emotions which speed along a fighting-line come sometimes almost as a shock to oneself; they are so resistless, often so inexplicable and disconnected with the actual events in progress. But they come all the same, and come to all at once; and a moment of joy, a week of gloom, to one is joy or gloom to all. The general who can create this joy or dissipate this gloom has nothing to learn in his profession." News, too, travels with inconceivable rapidity in the hour of crisis and knotted brows. Thus at Spion Kop: "The grass is set on fire and burns furiously, and all over the battlefield, as if sent by the telegraph-wire, runs the dreadful news that twenty wounded Boers are being immolated among the flames." When the blood is cool, and the fight all to begin, very different conditions prevail, and "Linesman" notes the curious hesitation "as to which side is to say 'Good morning' to the other first on any particular day, even though the situation is perfectly well-known to both."

There is no doubt that our author carried an unusual temperament through the hot fights about the Tugela, and kept it in the weird muddy retreats, and in the nights of chill and sodden rearguard misery in which he bore his part. Temperate, humane, resolute to observe Man as well as to be an English officer with the Boer for foe, he lifts the whole subject; and one is struck by his ability to broaden all his conceptions of war without relaxing his grip on his sword-hilt. His analysis of the Boer—whom he calls the most unclubbable man on earth—is patient, subtle, and, coming from a soldier, utterly modern. He thinks that the motives of the average fighting Boer have been a good deal misunderstood. That he desired conquest he does not believe: "the very notion of conquest, what it implies, and the advantages accruing from it, must necessarily be absent from minds stunted by generations of the pettiest agricultural calculations, and inhabiting bodies which have existed upon the same mealie fields since they became bodies." "Linesman" thinks that our average Boer took the rifle simply because he was told to. "He is not a heroic scoundrel, but an oafish, solid, slow, and obedient underling, who does 'what he is told,' and would not understand his Adelphi reputation if it were explained to him." In short, in the Boer nation he sees a dull majority controlled by a smart minority which has manufactured its ambitions, and he looks for a not very difficult transference of allegiance.

In a fine "L'Envoi," the writer considers more deeply the psychology and, as it were, the religion of war. Here is the spirit of Maeterlinck. Already, in an earlier chapter, he has told us that the memory of bygone battles renders a man more thoughtful and analytic than any other experience of life, and has made a good point when he says

that one may see even in Napier's great narrative "how impossible it is for an eyewitness to describe the fights of civilised men without becoming dreamy and irrelevant." In the following passage "Linesman" pleads for the consecration of certain words, the words which, standing for the inmost realities of war, are yet squandered over the newspapers and flung into casual paragraphs. Such a word, for example, as hero:

Reader, have you ever considered what it is to be dead, to be so far as this jolly old world is concerned *Nihil*, out of it, no more than a memory; to have loved company and now to be less intimate and companionable than the smoke curling up from your pipe; to have loved talk and beauty, and to be for ever silent and hideous; to have loved thought, and to have become but a thought? ('Tis but an ancient platitude, all this, but we are by conspiracy kissing platitudes to get what return we may.) And more, have you considered what it is to be not only dead, but killed, casually and unimportantly killed, cut off as the poor beetle that we tread upon, with as little diminution of anguish as he, because great poets have sung of the mischance? Why, it is as if our strong runner again were to vanish in midstride, or a fine singer after one glorious note; it is as anything that is miserably ended in full and beautiful career, or but scarce begun, leaving behind the immense, because unmeasured, void of what it might have been. Thus all who go forth to meet the Pale Horseman in duty's name are but a shade less than heroes, very nearly *quite* heroes if they face him unmoved, as many, not all, face him, answering stare with stare as dreadful, planting firm feet when he rushes, joying not over-loudly when he departs and fades, turned by a stronger Horseman than himself, He who rides on the thunder, the Lord, and Omnipotent General of all hosts, living or dead.

But would not the world do well to keep the order of "heroism" sacred to those whom the Pale One rides down, seeing in his sword-stroke the only accolade thereto, for, having fallen, they can do no more, neither with body nor spirit? Poor bodies, how low they lie; happy spirits, how high they soar, both at the extremest end of all things; should not some extremest title of all be theirs, and what better, if not already too debased, than that of hero?

We had marked many other passages for quotation, but must perforce leave them. However, even slighter efforts to interpret these remarkable pages would have served: they speak for themselves. More, perhaps, than any other book which the struggle in South Africa has evoked, this record relates itself to the war not of to-day only but to the war of to-morrow—to all war between civilised nations.

### Mr. Lang on Tennyson.

*Alfred Tennyson.* By Andrew Lang. (Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

It is with faint expectation of pleasure to come that one opens most books on Tennyson. The dish is so much better than the trimmings; and, moreover, it needs so little help to enjoy Tennyson! With a different relish, however, one approached the little volume in the series of "Modern English Writers" which bears the name of Andrew Lang; and there is no disappointment. Here, at any rate, is a book on Tennyson which one reads with pleasure. In the first place, Mr. Andrew Lang, if not a Tennyson, is himself a poet;—that little more, and how much it is! when a poet is to be dealt with.

You are easily able to discern Mr. Lang's trained sense of poetic significance at the outset. Anecdotes of the child Tennyson we have had often, with no apparent discrimination of what was salient in them. But Mr. Lang sifts them, and picks out unerringly the two or three which have a foreshadow of character. In Tennyson's childish cry, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind,"

in his early haunting by the phrase, "Far, far away," he perceives the mystical nature-sense so strong in the man. At the age of eight the poet wrote a line:

"With slaughterous sons of thunder rolled the flood," which he thought amazingly fine, though "great nonsense" to his mature judgment. "It was fine," says Mr. Lang, with instant sensitiveness, and Mr. Lang is surely right. Meaning is not its strong point, but there is a power of movement very singular in such a child, and strikingly Tennysonian, as Mr. Lang again remarks.

This swift sense of what things are noble and of good repute in poetry it is which enables Mr. Lang so successfully to achieve the uneasy feat of reburnishing (so to speak) a great poet about whom all the things have been said. His mere criticism is mostly excellent, and excellently illustrated. Once he gets the chance of making what will be to many of this day a novel point, as we confess it is to us, and seizes it with all his dialectic quickness. He shows beyond cavil that the teachings (if you can call anything so little dogmatic by so dogmatic a word) of *In Memoriam* are far from the mere echoes of Tennyson's day and contemporaries which a neglect of dates has allowed us to conclude them; that the eminent teachers who harmonise with him had not begun to write when the poem appeared. Especially, and with special force of surprise, does he show this regarding the evolutionary stanzas of *In Memoriam*. They were written before Robert Chambers' *Vestiges of Creation* was published, and long before Darwin, Huxley, and other apostles of evolution had begun to sound the trumpet. In regard to *In Memoriam*, Mr. Lang has done Tennyson important service altogether.

Here, and again over the *Idylls of the King*, he crosses swords with Mr. Frederick Harrison, and his trick of fence was never more adroit. That Tennyson has belied the Arthurian epic by introducing a chivalry, a sense of conscience, a mildness of manners, and advancement of ethics in general foreign to his sources (as Mr. Harrison asserts), he disproves utterly. His gaiety of fight, as he quotes text after text from Malory in Tennyson's support, to the confounding of Mr. Harrison, is irresistible. His sly irony plays like autumn lightning.

But if Mr. Lang is always interesting, his book is not ideal. He gives us, it must be confessed, a mere thread of biography. And there is a certain superficiality about the book which betrays the hand of the ready journalist. His praise is too unlimited. One cannot quarrel with it in any important particular, but one gets from him no glimpse of Tennyson's defects or limitations. It is, perhaps, an important particular that he speaks of Tennyson's later work in the same strain of eulogy which he employs with regard to the earlier work. One would think that "The Ring," "Merlin and the Gleam," "The Churchwarden and the Curate," were still on the same plane with "Enone," "Ulysses," or "Love and Duty." Even the "Voyage of Maeldune," one of the few later poems which retains a likeness of the early splendour, lacks something of the absolute magic of the earlier work, but Mr. Lang would never lead you to think so. Even with regard to that earlier work, he has some curious indiscriminations of judgment. The "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" he calls "a splendid heroic piece." Yet it was surely a failure in its first form, and careful revision has failed to make it more than a poem of lines and passages, craftsmanlike, but uninspired as a whole. Tennyson had the stately manner, but not the central furnace-fire required for the Ode; and he felt this, for he never really essayed it again. Mr. Lang tells the reader that the *Idylls* are not (in his opinion) the crown of Tennyson's work; but he is too busy in defending them against the excessive attack of Mr.



Frederick Harrison to let the reader know why and how they fall short of Tennyson's greatest.

Again, Mr. Lang's allusiveness is somewhat exasperatingly in evidence. It deflects him into tags which are purposeless, and, *obiter dicta*, which are superfluous and often aggressive. Having mentioned Jowett's suggestion of poetical topics to Tennyson, he turns aside to discuss the Master of Balliol's taste—or want of taste—in Burns, which has nothing whatever to do with his advice to Tennyson. He cannot mention the *Bride of Lammermoor*, but he must tell us (in parenthesis) that Thackeray dropped his acquaintance with that novel after losing his hat in the Kelpie's Flow. A well enough scrap of anecdote, but what is it doing *dans cette galère*? He cannot discuss the woman question (in itself an excrescence) *à propos* of *The Princess*, but he must fling in the reader's face the assertion that "two names exhaust the roll of women of the highest rank in letters—Sappho and Jane Austen." It is an assertion needing an essay for its defence, and it is tossed out gaily in a popular book on Tennyson! The reader has full right to resent both the statement and the manner of its presentment.

Indeed, throughout the book Mr. Lang goes out of his way to rouse animosities. We sympathise, for instance, with his deftly ironical defence of Tennyson against the aggressively materialistic or agnostic critics who have attacked his principles, or the "Little Englanders" who dislike his politics. But was it necessary, is it even fair, to write as if the majority of younger critics belonged to this kind? There is, in fact, an acid assumption (implied, if not asserted) that Mr. Lang stands superiorly alone, the last of a school from which we have all degenerated. And that does no good to Mr. Lang or his cause, with which we might otherwise have no quarrel.

### A Man of Empire.

*Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., &c.* By Francis Henry Skrine. (Longmans. 16s.)

A MERE recital of the heads of the life work of this great Anglo-Indian would devour our space. The direction of the Statistical Survey of India was perhaps his greatest task as a civil servant. But Sir William Wilson Hunter had the pen of a ready writer, and he made it the servant of his career. We will not attempt even a catalogue of his books, which are of the monumental order; but lovers of Thackeray should remember that his *Thackerays in India* is the repository of much interesting information about the great novelist's early years. With Mr. Kipling, too, Sir William Hunter came into interesting contact. He reviewed the third edition of *Departmental Ditties* in the ACADEMY in 1888, and this was the first English review that reached Mr. Kipling. The conclusion of this article is worth recalling, for it suggests the life and interests of both men and the India they loved:

Besides the silly little world that disports itself throughout most of these ditties, there is another Anglo-Indian world which, for high aim and a certain steadfastness in effort after the personal interest in effort is well-nigh dead, has never had an equal in history. Some day a writer will arise—perhaps the destined man—who will make that noble Anglo-Indian world known as it really is. It will then be seen by what a hard discipline of endurance our countrymen and countrywomen in India are trained to do England's greatest work on the earth. . . . Of this realistic side of Anglo-Indian life Mr. Kipling also gives us glimpses. His serious poems seem to me the ones most full of promise. Taken as a whole, his work gives hope of a new literary star of no mean magnitude arising in the East.

Ten years later Sir William had seen the star rise and been satisfied. He writes to Mr. Kipling about a theme remote (apparently) from Indian life. He had been struck by the small size of the Atlantic fishing craft described by Mr. Kipling in *Captains Courageous*, and wrote to ask him for the actual dimensions and tonnage of these schooners, adding that they seemed to "throw valuable light on the achievements of English seamen from Cabot's expedition in 1497 down to the establishment of the East Indian Company in 1600." A word about Hunter's own *magnum opus*, *The History of British India*. Few historical works of modern times present a nobler literary ambition. We reviewed the first volume in April, 1899; of the second Hunter lived to complete 323 pages. He knew the value of this work, and wrote to Sir George Birdwood: "I have done a good piece of work in the History, and I know it. So let the world wag. Whatever the reviewers may say or not say about it now, those who really wish to learn the facts about India will find them there and there alone." Although this biography is of the bulk that all too frequently makes us groan, it is but suitable to the spaciousness of Hunter's life. He was a man of Empire. One curious fact we cull as we go: Green's *Shorter History* killed a favourite scheme of Hunter's to write a work on exactly similar lines.

### Other New Books.

*Widow Wiley, and Some Other Old Folk.* By "Brown Linnet." (Seeley. 6s.)

This is a collection of sixteen rustic and industrial "idylls." The word is already old-fashioned, and the book, too, seems old-fashioned; it is an essay in a mode of yesterday. Yet, though the very name of idyll must be offensive to those who have suffered under the plague of sentimental exercises that followed the proto or "Auld Licht" idyll, "Brown Linnet's" book is not unattractive. It is simple, even artless, and quite free from any sort of affectation; it must be the frank, unmannered expression of a mind that observes and feels sincerely, if not with much originality or power. The records of the marriage of a bachelor of eighty with a widow of seventy odd, through the death of an old sow; of Mrs. Brown's visit to the Manor House and her tea-drinking while the mistress, the Hon. Miss Hurst, lay under the sofa; of the peculiarities of the dame who kept the village shop; of the poetry and death of the "miner poet"—these utter trivialities, with others of the same kind, are set down with a charming *naïveté*, and—we must add—with a literary breeding, that almost redeem them from the sin of being negligible. What the book chiefly lacks is mere force. And "Brown Linnet" seems able to achieve pathos only by means of an unexpected death. In this matter she ranges herself with all the great army of the idyllists:

Never again would that childish laugh ring out over the fields, where the ox-eyed daisies were growing taller and taller in the grass—for Gladly was going away—going away for good.

The glow fell full upon old Johnnie's face. He was smiling contentedly.

They were together again.

"Brown Linnet" is mistaken: that childish laugh will go on "ringing out" so long as there is an author in the land who cannot distinguish between the true and the false pathos. As for that "glow" which invariably falls full on the dying faces of aged persons, surely it must by this time bring a cruel smile to the mouth of the least hardened! Such passages, so feebly invented, are blots on an otherwise agreeable volume. The photographic illustrations disclose an extraordinary ingenuity on the part of

the photographer, and they are good examples of camera-work. We have, however, an instinctive objection to them. The camera cannot lie, but the subjects of the camera can lie, and these pictures, in their woodenness and artificiality, give the lie to life.

*Fancy Free.* By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen. 6s.)

We are sorry to have to say that Mr. Phillpotts' fall below his true level, in the pages of this book, is prodigious. As in turning it over we think on the one hand of the patient, sincere work of his *Children of the Mist*, and on the other of the light, debonair humour of *The Human Boy*, we find ourselves wondering, by the light of the ordinary artistic conscience, how competent and serious authors in full career come to permit unequal medleys, dating from outgrown periods, to be put forth. Can it be the influence of the agent, against which Mr. Heinemann, speaking in the interests of Literature, has been inveighing? The question of expediency alone should deter them. Here is Mr. Phillpotts, who is just taking a high place among English novelists, and also among humorists, asking his readers to welcome a miscellany of old exercises in the New Humour, over which, with the best feeling towards their author, we have been unable to beat up the faintest smile.

*From Cyprus to Zanzibar.* By Edward Vizetelly. (Pearson.)

Those who have read Mr. A. H. Beaman's *Twenty Years in the Near East* will find much that is familiar in this volume of the veteran journalist, Mr. Edward Vizetelly; but they will find it all freshly told, and will see it through the spectacles of another individuality. Mr. Vizetelly was in Athens when he learned, in 1878, that Cyprus had been added to the British Empire, and he at once joined the rush to the island. He met with many queer adventures there, which he tells with much humour. Having exhausted the resources of Cyprus, Mr. Vizetelly then went on to Egypt, "the land of miracles," in February, 1882, arriving just in time to be in the thick of the Arabi Pasha movement. Here he saw everything, and describes the events of those stirring times in cheery and unconventional style. After they had settled down, Mr. Vizetelly joined Mr. A. H. Beaman on the *Times of Egypt*, and later on had an unpleasant experience over a libel action, which resulted in imprisonment. However, he prosecuted his enemy for perjury, and gained a verdict. His best adventure was with Mr. James Gordon Bennett, for whom he went as special correspondent to Zanzibar, to meet Stanley returning from his great expedition. He successfully carried out his mission for the *New York Herald*, and presented Stanley with an American flag, his efforts being rewarded with £2,000 from Mr. Bennett. The book gives one the impression of having been written at top speed. The English is rather slovenly; and there are anecdotes of persons connected with the Near East which it would have been in better taste to have omitted. But Mr. Vizetelly is no respecter of persons; he seems to have been always more or less "agin the Government," and to have a happy knack of falling in and out of adventures.

Nearly seven hundred years have rolled by since Mr. John Iwyn, of Stinking Lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles, gave a property in that salubrious neighbourhood to the first party of Franciscans who settled in the City of London. The Grey Friars monastery grew in wealth and unlikeness to the ways and aims of St. Francis, was despoiled by Henry VIII., became a City hospital for foundlings, and finally, in 1552, a school filled with waifs of the streets, of whom we read that many "dyed downe righte" when taken from their native dunghills into "swete

and cleane keeping." Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and the rest came to the school—no other than Christ's Hospital—later; and now the Bluecoat School is moving to Horsham, and the old buildings are likely to come down or be absorbed in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The famous Newgate Street railings will be a memory, and a brag of our latter years. Now the rest of the chronicles of Christ's Hospital, are they not written in *Annals of Christ's Hospital*, by Mr. E. H. Pearce (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)—a well-compiled and well-illustrated record?

The wild red deer hunting of Somersetshire and Devon is a world of its own, full of moor-craft and wood-craft and local lore. It is the subject of Mr. Philip Evered's admirably-illustrated volume, *Stag Hunting with the Devon and Somerset*, 1887-1901 (Chatto). You need not be a follower of these hunts, or have ever seen an antlered deer pounding over Dunkery, to enjoy these pages, in which the breeze and the heather and the warmth of rocks and the music of hounds are recalled. "They are off over the Holnicote Vale, by way of Lucombe Mill and Blackford," and so on by places like Up Manor Allotment, Kittucks, and Sweetworthy Coombe. It is inspiring to hear of certain great deer that for years have defied the huntsman, like the great Nott stag of Dunkery, or the switch-horned stag of Haddon, or the old one-horned stag that still roams Dunkery. The huntsmen, too—men like Huxtable, of the Devon and Somerset, and old Jim Wensley, the harbourer—are interesting.

We recently referred to the kind of bookseller's assistant who, when asked for *Pepys's Diary*, will reply: "Sorry, we don't stock that, sir, but we have *Letts's*." This, however, is the season when the real catastrophe is to be offered *Pepys's Diary* in lieu of the ever-punctual and useful *Letts's*. We have received our usual generous batch of diaries for 1902 from this firm, which, it is no secret, is Messrs. Cassell. For scribbling and business purposes the *Rough Diaries* No. 31 and 33, with their interleaving of blotting paper, are all that can be desired. For private or literary purposes commend us to the veldt-like expanses of *Letts's No. 1*, although the octavo No. 9 will meet most people's requirements. Some very good leather pocket diaries, with the usual postal and other information, complete the batch. Firm binding and good all-round workmanship continue to be the features of these indispensable diaries.

*Photograms of the Year 1901* (Dawbarn and Ward) is an interesting record for the ever-growing photographic public. It shows by scores of examples how photographic artists are seeking to produce the effects of manual art, even the subtlest. Titles like "When the Gloamin' Fa's," "Day Dreams," and "In and In and Out, Turn and Turn About," almost persuade us that we are giving up our umbrella at Burlington House. The volume is not without literary interest, for it contains the portrait of Mr. Bernard Shaw which helped to inspire his recent rhapsody on the Sun as an artist, at the expense of bunglers like Rembrandt and Velasquez. A fine portrait it is, we admit, but we notice that the Sun is frequently glad to work "after" Mr. Leader, Mr. MacWhirter, Mesdag, and the Glasgow impressionists.

Among new editions we have received Dr. Conan Doyle's *The Great Boer War* (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.), of which, says the author, "there is hardly a page which has not been worked over." Mr. Lane begins his issue of Anthony Trollope's novels with *Doctor Thorne* (2s. net). The size is "pocket," and the print excellent. Students of Mr. Meredith's novels should not overlook the really excellent pocket edition now being issued by Messrs. Constable. The volumes are almost magically light and thin, yet the paper has substance and the type is excellent. The novels will make fifteen volumes, and these are issued at 2s. 6d. net each in cloth, or 3s. 6d. net in limp leather.



## Fiction.

## Seven Books for the Home, and Another.

*The Marriage of Laurentia.* By Marie Haultmont. (Sands & Co.)

*The Awakening of Helena Thorpe.* By Rentoul Esler. (S. W. Partridge.)

*The Fortune of Christina M'Nab.* By S. Macnaughton. (Methuen.)

*T' Bacca Queen.* By T. Wilson Wilson. (Arnold.)

*Ivy Cardew.* By Perrington Primm. (Jarrold & Sons.)

*Sylvia's Ambition.* By Adeline Sergeant. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

*Flower and Thorn.* By Beatrice Whitby. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THIS batch of stories is essentially the kind of fiction serviceable at the present time of year. Moreover, these are the kind of books wanted by a large class of people, the people who may be said practically to devour light literature, and to whom quantity must, in consequence, be almost the supreme necessity. To the inveterate novel reader any one of them would be a welcome present, while they fill besides a gap that grows enormously as fiction becomes more and more a medium of many things besides a wholesome story, relying for its successful sale mainly upon the popularity of its plot.

Frankly, these are novels for the unliterary, a fact which does not prevent them, however, from being perfectly readable and interesting. They are not the best, but it is incontestable that to a great number they will be infinitely less difficult to digest than a literature with more elaborate intentions. *The Marriage of Laurentia*, *Ivy Cardew*, *The Awakening of Helena Thorpe*, *Flower and Thorn*, and *The Fortune of Christina M'Nab*, are all novels to give confidently to the young person. In saying this it is by no means implied that they are only suitable to the young person, but that they have all pleasant, cheerful plots, and are not concerned with the more questionable side of existence and humanity. The young girl marrying the rich and desirable husband for the sake of an impoverished family, and, after various tribulations, finding the desirable affection in the choice made, is the theme of both *Laurentia's Marriage* and *The Awakening of Helena Thorpe*, and no plot is more popular among a certain class of readers. In life, it is possibly more frequent to marry the desirable husband from a personal hankering after riches than as victim to the importunities of distressing relatives; but, if the psychology might be more relentlessly human, the charm of the heroine would be sensibly less, and the glowing love scene at the end probably unattainable. *Ivy Cardew*, the account of a lonely child's affection for a man eighteen years her senior, whom she subsequently marries, possesses much the same atmosphere. A slight vulgarity of tone offends here and there, but, on the whole, the story is pleasant enough, and entirely devoid of harrowing incidents. *T' Bacca Queen* and *Sylvia's Ambition* are, to a certain extent, in a different class. In these, unrighteousness is touched upon, though, on the whole, slightly and unobtrusively. There is no condonement of the sinner, moreover, and the deserving heroines are made happy in both. *Flower and Thorn* deals principally with the difficulties of the early years of married life. Here the subject itself is almost congested with possibilities. Nothing is more virgin ground to interesting treatment than the days subsequent to the marriage service. Miss Whitby's new novel, however, is not a study in unrelaxing realism. It is an account of the more trivial domestic disillusion, and flows over an undercurrent of encouraging optimism.

Of them all, perhaps *The Fortune of Christina M'Nab* is the best reading. The story has both shrewdness and humour, and shows more direct observation than any of the previous volumes. Some of the character sketches—that of Mrs. Welkes for one—are excellent, and the personality of Christina herself is fairly convincing. Her visits among the aristocracy, for the double purposes of learning how to become a lady and of marrying a lord, provide some amusing writing.

Taking these volumes *en masse*, however, they may be said to float well above any turbid revelations. The theory that all modern novels are unfit for family reading should be pleasantly loosened by them. Here are seven new novels, and all are free from the muddy darknesses at the depths, and possessed of an optimistic undercurrent too rarely found in fiction.

*A Modern Antæus.* By the Writer of *An Englishwoman's Love-letters*. (Murray. 6s.)

That the "writer" of the *E.L.L.* (one is obliged to invent an abbreviation) could put a story neatly together we knew, and also that he could be sentimental prettily, and handle a metaphor with the cleverest neo-Meredithian of them all. This novel carries us no further than his first effort. It is precisely the book one would have predicted from him. The very chapter-headings proclaim the writer's limitations:

"Showing that out of a mare's nest may spring nightmare."

"Arboreal Childhood."

"Tristram's heart has its growing-pains."

"Antæus drops to earth."

The book is so obviously inspired by Meredith, and the hero so obviously drawn from the young man whom Adrian Harley patronised, that it would have been no shock to find a chapter headed:

"Crisis in the apple-disease."

"The reader will by this time be perceiving that what is to be told here is history and not fiction." So begins the fifth chapter (doubtless the "writer" had the *E.L.L.* in mind). But the fact is that the story is essentially conventional. A whole generation of novel-readers are acquainted with the Tristram Gavneys of fiction, those naughty boys so wise and strange as children, who grow up a sorrow to their misunderstanding parents, and then die off, like boy-sopranos in drawing-room ballads, in the last chapter but one. Fifty episodes proclaim the precise character of the youth. Here is one:

"I'm not tired," said Tristram, "I went to sleep in the cart." But he went and curled himself down on the coat. One of his queer instincts was to judge of people with whom he wished to make friends by the smell of their raiment. Before altogether trusting him he wished to know what sort of smell this new acquaintance carried about with him. A very brief sniff approved to his judgment the man he had to deal with: the coat actually bore the scent of lavender.

A dainty touch, but surely those two "wents" at the beginning reveal an oversight on the part of the fastidious "writer." The following is an example of the "writer's" ingenuity:—"Young life picking out its five-fingered exercises sounds monotonous when heard without intermission; only now and then does accented experience break in on the routine. Then the exercise changes and becomes a sort of tune; out of it the gods get humorous promptings of what troubles their puppet is likely to be in hereafter, and, having heard, set the callow tune back again to his stiff digital drill."

On the whole, a *bon-bon*.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

## THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON.

By H. G. WELLS.

With pictures, which are quite as wonderful as the adventures of the travellers. One of them is marooned on the moon. This holiday flight of Mr. Wells's imagination appeared in the pages of the *Strand Magazine*. Chapter III. is "The Building of the Sphere," Chapter VI. is "The Landing on the Moon," and in Chapter XXIV. we find this: "Of the condition of the moon sexes, marrying and giving in marriage, and of birth and so forth among the Selenites, I have as yet been able to learn but little. I am of opinion that, as with the ants and bees, there is a large majority of the members in this community of the neuter sex." (Newnes. 6s.)

## STORIES IN THE DARK.

By BARRY PAIN.

Ten studies in the grotesque and the terrible. There are books—too many of them indeed—warranted to cure insomnia. Given the right nervous temperament in the reader these condensed and inexplicable horrors should ensure it. "The Undying Thing," "The Gray Cat," "The Green Light" are some of them. (Grant Richards. 1s.)

## THE FIREBRAND.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Those who like Mr. Crockett's robustious manner of telling a story, his "midnight" style, his damsels in distress or in trousers, and his method of flicking a character in your face, will like *The Firebrand*. His is not the good old way of gently introducing a character. No! Mr. Crockett begins "right there," like this: "Ramon Garcia, called El Sarria, lay crouched like a wild beast. And he was a wild beast. Yet he smiled as he blinked into the midnight heat, under his shaggy brows, from his den beneath the great rock of limestone that shadowed him." (Macmillan. 6s.)

## SONS OF THE SWORD.

By MARGARET L. WOODS.

A Romance of the Peninsular War. "The young man smiled insolently." "To what, then, do you pretend, Mademoiselle?" . . . "I pretend, Monsieur le Colonel, to nothing in the world, except some personal tastes!" "There was a silence in the room: only the stiff plastron of gold on the soldier's strong chest crackled a little." "And, I do not suit, then?" (Heinemann. 6s.)

## FOMA GORDYEFF.

By MAXIM GORKY.

Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. There are two frontispieces to the volume: one a portrait of the author, whose pseudonym, we are informed, signifies "the bitter one"; the other a photograph of "Nizhni Novgorod and the Volga." The story, which is realistic, is about the merchant class in Eastern Russia, who make their living on the Volga. The author, who is becoming known in this country, has been in turn shoemaker, pedlar, painter, dock-hand, baker and tramp. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

## THE TORY LOVER.

By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Historical, introducing Paul Jones, and mainly concerned with the voyages of the "Ranger." Captain Paul Jones "might have shipped his crew on the river many times over. The ease of teaching England to let the colonies alone was not spoken of with such bold certainty as at first, and some late offences were believed to be best revenged by such a voyage as the 'Ranger' was about to make." A portrait of Mary Hamilton is given as frontispiece. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

## CHRISTOPHER DEANE.

By E. H. LACON WATSON.

"A character study at school and college." Christopher Deane was "the hope of the family." After two years at

the Market Atherstone Grammar School, he went to Winchester, thence to Cambridge. The story is told by his friend, who remarks at the end of the book: "It is now some seven years since I saw Deane off on his voyage. A good deal has happened in that time, to both of us. He has seen life—and death—in the Soudan, where he acted as correspondent during the late campaign." (Elkin Matthews. 6s.)

CONCERNING SOME FOOLS AND  
THEIR FOLLY.

By NEWTON SANDERS.

A modern story—slight and mild, with a Great Thought at the beginning of each chapter, and, on the title-page, this:

I want the moon, the silver moon. . . .  
Only when dying, man ceases sighing,  
For that moon.

Kitty Crofton was "young, charming, and very daintily dressed in some kind of pink fluffiness." Kitty's hat blew off. The Rev. Peter Winch "gallantly leaped into the stream, rescued the hat, and, wading to the bank, handed it to its fair owner." (Sands. 6s.)

## THE PROVING OF PRISCILLA.

By LOUIE BENNETT.

Mainly concerned with Priscilla. The first chapter is devoted to her childhood, and includes some extracts from her diary. On page 54 Priscilla and John Lennox are married, and the "proving of Priscilla begins." A well-told story: those who like to be entertained by the domestic troubles of others will like the book. The motto on the title-page is Browning's "I go to prove my soul, &c." (Harpers. 6s.)

## THE END OF AN EPOCH.

By A. LINCOLN GREEN.

"Being the personal narrative of Adam Godwin, the Survivor." Says the narrator—"I have shrunk so many times from attempting to write an account of the last ten years that I doubt, even now, whether I shall have the resolution to complete it. At best it can only be a lame and feeble story, for the task of preparing a fitting record of the Calamity which overwhelmed mankind soon after the close of the Victorian era is wholly beyond my power." The Calamity was the Great Epidemic that swept over the surface of the world "like the huge shadow of an eclipse." (Blackwood. 6s.)

## THE IDEALIST.

By GROVE JOHNSON.

The cover shows the Idealist gazing, in a rapt attitude, at a piece of sculpture placed against a green curtain. The story opens in the Junior Common Room, where the occupants had assembled "for the last debate of the season." The subject was—"Whether, in the opinion of this House, has Science or Art the greater influence upon Religion?" (Greening. 6s.)

## THE FALL OF LORD PADDOCKSLEA.

By LIONEL LANGTON.

A presentment of modern politics and political society, "dealing, under thinly-veiled disguises, with many of the leading personages of the day." It begins: "George Stukeley and Robert Forbes were Liberal members of Parliament, but not of the conventional type—neither coal-owners, cotton spinners, stockbrokers, company promoters, nor merchants of tea, butter, or soap. . . . They were young country gentlemen of easy fortune, belonging to Whig families of some historical repute." (Heinemann. 6s.)

We have also received *War to the Knife* (new edition), by Rolf Boldrewood (Macmillan, 6s.); *An Island Interlude*, by John Amity (Long); *Forbidden Paths*, by Marcus Reay (Long); *Shrouded In Mystery*, by the Misses Stredder (Drane); *The Dropping of an H.*, by Ina Garvey (Drane); *The King's Guide*, by Naunton Covertside. (Simpkin, Marshall.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## The Richardson Revival.

## Is Life Long Enough?

THERE are signs that Samuel Richardson, who was compared by his contemporaries with Moses, Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, and even with the Deity, is once more to enjoy a "vogue": which is to say that his novels, charmingly printed and illustrated, will be bought even if they are not read. And we do not think that they will be read, beyond the respective first volumes of each novel. Richardson is not for the wireless age—an age which, since it has found itself unable to appreciate the great realists of the nineteenth century, will surely fail to appreciate the greatest realist of the eighteenth, disadvantaged as he is by grotesque mannerisms and an almost infinite tedium. Richardson is not dead; never will be. On the other hand, he is not alive, as Defoe and Fielding are kickingly alive. He is in the intermediate and unsatisfactory state of being "taken for granted." The fault is partly his own and partly that of Time, an agency responsible for quite as much injustice as justice. Richardson so intimately belonged to his century that no other century could hope fully to possess him. In the days when it was a case of Homer and Richardson (with Shakspeare somewhere at the foot of this dual throne), Richardson's novels were read aloud in the family circle. At the pathetic passages the hearers would retire to their rooms to weep, and the reading was continued after they had regained command of themselves. We laugh at that; we must. We laugh also when we remember that Richardson, after fifty years of respectable and lucrative trading, began to write *Pamela*, not in the least at the bidding of a creative impulse, but upon the suggestion of two enterprising booksellers who wanted "a volume of familiar letters as patterns for illiterate country writers." *Pamela* is shorter than *Clarissa*, but it is as long as *The Eternal City*, and Richardson composed it from end to end—a quarter of a million words—in exactly two months. The whole circumstances of its production, and all its superficial characteristics, are against its acceptance by a public which has been forced by a dynasty of proud and self-conscious artists to regard the novel as a separate and highly specialised craft. Great novels, we say to our cultured selves, are not written so. Barring miracles, they certainly are not; and miracles have long since been disposed of. Nevertheless, if only we could recognise it, Richardson was a miracle—perhaps the supreme miracle of English fiction. Decidedly no writer was ever such an artist *sans le savoir*. Imagine the result of a dialogue between de Maupassant and Richardson on the art of fiction! It would be too funny! Yet we doubt whether any novel in English conforms more perfectly to the ideals which vitalise *Une Vie*, that relentless tragedy of a woman, than *Clarissa*, that equally relentless tragedy of a woman. We doubt whether any two novels are more at one in their inmost spirit than these two.

And here we shall try to show that Richardson, despite his comical limitations, carried the naturalistic conception

of the novel higher than it had ever been carried before, and left it high and dry at a point which no one in England succeeded in touching for more than a hundred years. Defoe was the first English novelist, in the modern sense of the term novelist; and although his greatest work, *Robinson Crusoe*, is a romance and therefore not naturalistic, he was in the main a naturalistic writer. *Moll Flanders* is an example of an absolutely naturalistic novel. In that admirable tale, no concessions are made to sentimentality. It is Life, rendered shapely, but otherwise untampered with. What, then, is the difference between *Moll Flanders*, the record of a courtesan, and say, de Goncourt's *La Fille Elisa*, the record of a courtesan? The difference is almost solely one of poignancy. We repeat that word—poignancy. One may read *Moll Flanders* unmoved, but not *La Fille Elisa*. Defoe realises his scenes with unerring accuracy of psychological and documentary detail, but he is not passionate; he does not make you feel that he feels; his detached and imperturbable coldness resembles that of the old chroniclers. He, in fact, chronicles; he sets down; he is intellectual rather than sensuous. He achieves none of that sympathetic and personal coloration which is the mark of *La Fille Elisa*, and of the distressing close of *Une Vie*. In other words, he is never pathetic. At that time pathos, in fiction, had, we think, only been compassed in verse. Swift, master of irony, made no attempt after either naturalism or sensuousness. Next came Richardson, who, at his first effort, failed. *Pamela* may have passages of pathos, but it is not consistently naturalistic. The sub-title, *Or Virtue Rewarded*, puts it instantly among the novels in which truth is sacrificed to moral or immoral purpose. We are all aware, as Richardson's contemporary readers must have been aware, that the figure of the virtuous and high-minded waiting-maid, who, by her excellent and sweet fortitude, turned an unscrupulous rake into an exemplary husband, is not drawn from life itself. After *Pamela*, Richardson imbibed through Addison the Aristotelian principles of dramatic art, and he made a new beginning. At the age of fifty-five, the printer, marvellously flowering like the giant cactus that flowers once in a generation, developed into the artist. To blossom so is sheer and mighty genius, and only on the hypothesis of transcendent genius can the brief phenomena of Richardson's artistic career be explained. There is nothing about virtue rewarded in *Clarissa*, and everything about virtue unrewarded. It is *The History of a Young Lady: comprehending the most important concerns of private life; and particularly shewing the distresses that may attend the misconduct both of Parents and Children in relation to Marriage*. This, in fact, is life, without sugar and cream, or any nonsense whatever. Richardson has been called sentimental, but, for our part, we have found no sentimentality in *Clarissa*. But we have found, side by side with grandeur and nobility, side by side with humour and wit, a naturalism as unflinching, complete, and exact, and a sensuous pathos as beautiful and moving, as any that the nineteenth century can show. This is high praise, even for Richardson, but it can be substantiated. For naturalism and unsentimentality see the character-drawing everywhere. For realism of the Zolaesque sort, see the unmatched narration of *Clarissa's* adventures under Mrs. Sinclair. For wit and humour see, amongst others, the earlier letters of Miss Howe. For sensuous pathos, read this fragment of an interview between *Clarissa* and her mother.

You know, my dear, what I every day forego, and undergo, for the sake of peace. Your papa is a very good man, and means well; but he will not be controuled; nor yet persuaded. You have sometimes seemed to pity me, that I am obliged to give up every point. Poor man! his reputation the less for it; mine the greater: Yet would I not have this credit, if I could help it, at so dear

a rate to him and to myself. You are a dutiful, prudent, and a wise child, she was pleased to say, in hope, no doubt, to make me so; you would not add, I am sure, to my trouble: You would not wilfully break that peace which costs your Mother so much to preserve. Obedience is better than sacrifice. O my Clary Harlowe, rejoice my heart, by telling me I have apprehended too much! I see your concern! I see your perplexity! I see your conflict [loosing her arm, and rising, not willing I should see how much she herself was affected]. I will leave you for a moment—Answer me not—[For I was essaying to speak, and had, as soon as she took her cheek from mine, dropt down on my knees, my hands clasped, and lifted up in a supplicating manner]. I am not prepared for your irresistible expostulation, she was pleased to say. I will leave you to recollection: And I charge you, on my blessing, that all this my truly maternal tenderness be not thrown away upon you.

And then she withdrew into the next apartment, wiping her eyes as she went from me; as mine overflowed; my heart taking in the whole compass of her meaning.

It is in such passages, and possibly only in such, that Richardson rises superior to Defoe at Defoe's best. But Richardson could not live up to *Clarissa*. In *Grandison* he fell away. *Clarissa* had been too true. The villain was so exasperatingly human that women loved him as they loved rakes in real life. This could not be countenanced, and Richardson pattern of virtue, wrestled with Richardson the artist and defeated him. Sir Charles Grandison is nearly as inhuman as the heir of Redcliffe.

Still, the naturalistic and sensuous novel had been accomplished. Fielding never accomplished it. *Joseph Andrews* was so far from naturalism as to be a confessed parody of *Pamela*. *Jonathan Wild* was another instance of the subordination of naturalism to satire. *Tom Jones*, immortal, is frequently caricature, and truth in it is often sacrificed to diversion. *Amelia* belongs to a more serious order of naturalistic art, but it is spoilt by the strained happy ending, just as *Far from the Madding Crowd* is so spoilt. In stating these obvious facts, we have no wish to exalt Richardson over Fielding; we consider Fielding to be the greater man; we merely assert that Richardson excelled in naturalistic art. There remained only one thing to be done for the novel, and Scott did it: he showed man amid the influences of inanimate nature. But Scott knew nothing of naturalism. Thackeray has been held to be a realist. But was he? Were any of the mid-Victorian novelists realistic in the Richardsonian sense? We know that in the main they were not. And an examination of all their great works will reveal spots upon which we can put a finger, and say, "Here truth to life was sacrificed to sentimentality or to the desire to 'round off' a story." The proof that austere naturalism had waned away is the fact that when Flaubert wrote *Madame Bovary* the book was accepted as something quite new in the art of fiction. Yet the newness of it was exactly as old as *Clarissa*.

We have not touched on the dark, the tedious side of Richardson's fiction. The makers of the coming vogue will soon enough discover that for themselves. We picture the courageous attack about to be made on Richardson by the average cultured reader. That reader will choose *Clarissa*, of course, and, braced and firm, he will commence the perusal. In the first fifty pages he will probably be beaten off with great loss. But he will return to the charge and have his reward. He will be amazed and delighted by the truth, the power, and the beauty of this new author. Occasional *longueurs* will not terrify him. He will discover Richardson to his friends, and preach it abroad that Richardson was the greatest novelist that ever lived. . . . And then, perhaps about the fiftieth letter, he will stop suddenly and meditate, like a boy in the middle of a feast of unlimited cake. The *longueurs* will seem to be more frequent, though they are not so. The monotony, the narrow view, the appalling unity of

theme, the unremitting pietism, the vast masses of triviality, will present themselves to him in a sinister and dreadful light. He will perceive that he has journeyed through one-eighth of the entire work. His fancy will conjure up an awful vision of the remaining seven-eighths. He will put the first volume down, and for some weeks will feel ashamed at his cowardice in not taking up the second. At length he will recover his good opinion of himself, and will jauntily remark, as he glances at a certain shelf, "No! Life is too short!"

## Things Seen.

### The Bookseller.

"You see," said the lady with the jewels and furs and presence, "we've taken a new 'ouse, and we're fitting up a library. Sir Isaac, that's my husband, has been measuring the space, and we want sixty feet of books." I put down the First Edition of *Lavengro*—priced, to my regret, at two guineas—and glanced at my friend the bookseller. He wore his most blameless expression. "Quite so, Madam," he answered. "I quite understand. You would like to see some handsome sets, that are used more particularly for that purpose?" "Big books with nice bindings," she assented. "Exactly so, Madam," he said, with becoming gravity, though, as his eye wandered over in my direction, I could perceive the slightest of twinkles in it. Thereupon I watched with interest, keeping one eye on the pair and the other on the *International Library of Famous Literature*, which stood in an imposing row just behind them. As I expected, he turned round sharply and pointed to it. "This is a favourite set," he explained: "it has been mentioned favourably in all the leading papers." She looked at the handsome binding with approval, and said, "Yes, that will do nicely for a start." Then her natural genius asserted itself, and she pounced on—no, indicated—two large books bound in brown calf with very gilt edges. "What are those?" she asked. "Dictionaries," he said: "very useful books." He displayed one; it bore the arms of—but no, I will not name the school. Suffice it to say that it had all the attributes of a school prize, being in fact a *Liddell and Scott*; the other had the same characteristics, and was a *Lewis and Short*. "A gentleman who was in here the other day," he said, without a blush, "thought they might be the arms of Queen Elizabeth." This was enough, and the lady decided to have the volumes at once. Then ensued a wild scene of bibliographical extravagance. *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, Chambers's *Encyclopedia*, a complete set of Ruskin's works on large paper, the library edition of Burton's *Arabian Nights*, enough volumes of Bohn's helpful library to fill a good-sized book-case—nothing came amiss to her; and when finally she agreed to pay a large sum for the volumes of *Punch* complete from the beginning, I felt that I had been present at a function.

"A good customer?" I suggested, when she had gone. The Bookseller permitted himself to smile at last. "Well, yes," he said. "If it wasn't for such customers our trade would be in a bad way. It's the ignorant and omnivorous who make bookselling at all possible."

### The Return.

I was seated in the train at Southampton when they jumped into the carriage, with rugs and kit-bags. Their sunburnt faces, their khaki uniforms, their air of freshness announced them to be officers just back from the war. Indeed, the steamer had but a little while ago



touched port, and they had caught the train at a gallop. Of the two soldiers, one was middle-aged, with a beard; the other was young, with an alert moustache, and they had one desire in common—to read newspapers. They had swept the bookstall. Each was laden with papers, and before the train had started they had begun to read. The bearded man read gluttonously. His eyes went steadily down the columns. What he read did not apparently signify. It was news of sorts—that was enough. The younger man's attention wandered occasionally, and when he looked from the window he always made some enthusiastic remark, such as: "What colours you get in England! By gad! look at those autumn tints!" or, "That's a thing you don't see in Africa—a grey church tower. Gad, it's fine." The bearded man would raise his eyes for an instant; then they fell again to the paper. Not until the train had stopped on the bridge just without Victoria Station did he put the newspapers from his mind. It was a typical November afternoon—moist, misty, miserable. He gazed half affectionately, half disapprovingly, at the prospect, as a mother might look at the dirty face of an only child, till his eyes caught the dim outlines of the Houses of Parliament. "By Jove!" he said, "that looks like home." The younger man made no comment. His mind was intent on something else. Half-an-hour before he had drawn on his gloves, twirled his moustache, cocked his hat, and remarked to his companion: "My people will meet me at Victoria." But, somehow, his people did not meet him. I saw him peer eagerly up and down the station. He waited five minutes, then called a cab. But the driver shook his head. The fog grew thicker. There were no more cabs. It seemed rather a dreary welcome home.

## The Candid Friend.

Having read Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson*, Mr. Henley finds himself "discontented, dissatisfied, still looking for more." That "more" he gives to the world in the pages of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, being, as he says, "oppressed by the thought" that in Mr. Balfour's *Life Stevenson* is shown only as he "may well have wanted to be." Mr. Henley attempts to belittle Stevenson. In our opinion he has not succeeded.

Mr. Henley hits and hints, and at the same time exposes his own breast, so keen is his delight in battle and his contempt for cover. He is also quite candid. So it comes about that in his remarks on R. L. Stevenson, he who reads between the lines may see the reasons, perhaps unconscious, that prompted Mr. Henley to write that pain-giving article. "My relation to him," says Mr. Henley, "was that of a man with a grievance." There is the clue. Mr. Henley is a man with a grievance—perhaps two grievances. One would seem to be that his share in the making of Stevenson has not been fully recognised. Here are two of many passages where Mr. Henley pleads his own cause:

I published his first sustained achievement in fiction (*The New Arabian Nights*); I procured him the first cheque for an hundred pounds he ever earned; I did my best for his works, in fact, until he asked me to take a commission of five per cent. on the receipts. I refused, and he went for some time in his own way. Then Mr. Charles Baxter, an infinitely better business man than I, and with (I am sure he will agree) a far more marketable commodity to sell than I had had, came on; and Stevenson, beginning with a pound a month from his parents, ended by spending something between £4,000 and £5,000 a year. How he spent it Heaven and Mr. Baxter alone know. Mr. Balfour gives the figures; but one needn't go further than to rejoice in them. To finish with myself: I was (I can say it now) for something in the contrivance of the *Edinburgh Edition*; so that first and last I may claim to have done my part . . .

I take up a volume of the *Edinburgh Edition*, and I read that, included in the plenishing of his ideal house, are

"a Canaletto print or two"; and I recall the circumstance that his taste for Canaletto prints, even as his Canaletto prints themselves, came through and from me. I bought them, I remember, in the Knightsbridge Road, and he paid me what I gave for them, which was some six or seven shillings apiece. I turn the page, and read of "Piranesi etchings on the walls"; and I remember who placed them there, and the blessed hours I've had in their neighbourhood. I turn the page again, and I come on the *Moral Emblems* and *Not I*; and once more the Muse of Memory is too much for me, and, as in a dream, I see myself touting in the interest of these works, taking sixpence of this one and eightpence of that other, and embezzling these receipts: for I neither paid the laborious graver-poet the price of his endeavour, nor delivered the works for which I was acting as agent.

Mr. Henley's other grievance is that the Robert Lewis Stevenson who went to America in 1887 did not remain the same Stevenson who was Mr. Henley's intimate friend for thirteen years. Mr. Henley, it seems to us, resents Stevenson's growth. What right had he to pass out of Mr. Henley's school, and take his own view of the mystery of life? What business had the soul of R. L. S. to develop? by what right did he pray and preach? "The first [Stevenson] I knew, and loved; the other I lost touch with, and, though I admired him, did not greatly esteem." Well, Mr. Henley makes his lack of esteem for Stevenson very clear. He can thrust thus at the man "I knew and loved": "I learn of his nameless prodigalities—and recall some instances of conduct in another vein." What of that? May not a man try again, and do better the next time? And have friends ceased to bear their friends' infirmities?

Here is another "charge." Is not the reference to a word of three letters done nicely?

He gave himself out for the most open-minded of men: to him one point of view was as good as another; Age's was respectable, but so was Youth's; the Fox that had a tail was no whit more considerable than the Fox whose tail was lost. *Et patati, et patata*. 'Twas all "as easy as lying" to him, for 'twas all in the run of his humanity. But in the event it was academic; for where he was grossly interested, he could see but one side of the debate; and there are people yet living (I am not one of them) who, knowing him intimately, have not hesitated to describe him in a word of three letters, the suspicion of which might well make him turn in his grave. And yet I do not know.

"An artist in morals" is another of Mr. Henley's contemptuous phrases. "I am not interested in remarks about morals," says Mr. Henley. The Stevenson of latter years was, and a few others have also been interested in morals in the course of the world's history. Mr. Henley will have none of him, either as man or writer. "If I want reading I do not go for it to the *Edinburgh Edition*." Stay! he allows that Stevenson was a fine talker. The explanation is just that Stevenson outgrew the Stevenson that Mr. Henley knew—"my old, riotous, intrepid, scornful Stevenson." That sticks in Mr. Henley's gorge. He will not even give Stevenson credit for sincerity. "Plainly the Shorter Catechist was what was wanted," says Mr. Henley, implying that latterly Stevenson played down to a certain public. How much of the Shorter Catechist, we ask, is there in *Weir of Hermiston*?

Mr. Henley has done his worst for Stevenson. What is the result? What do we learn from him? That "Stevenson was incessantly and passionately interested in Stevenson"; that "no better histrion ever lived"; that in the years that Mr. Henley knew him Stevenson did not always practise what he preached; that he did not originate all the youthful pranks that his biographers have fathered upon him; that Mr. Henley spent himself more in the service of "the Lewis that I knew and loved" than

the world wots of, and that a candid friend, with a grievance against the biographee, does not make a convincing biographer.

If Mr. Henley's article is a specimen of the "new biography" from the pen of the friend who knows, then give us the official *Life*. We have already said what we thought of Mr. Balfour's colourless but conscientious *Life*; but that, in conjunction with the *Letters* and Mr. Colvin's biographical chapters, gives, we believe, the true picture of the man. Mr. Henley's pages, with their trivial accusations of frailty, add nothing, prove nothing.

Stevenson is beyond the reach of praise or blame. He was neither whole saint nor whole sinner, but, like most of us, something of both. He was a man of infinite variety. In early life his many-sided nature, his lively fancy, his eagerness for experience ran him hither and thither; later it settled into a broad, deep stream. He could always be kind, and just, and sympathetic in his estimate of others. That, his paper on *Burns* shows. He knew how little we understand one another, how "greatly dark" a man we have known even for thirteen years may be. Hear him!

Alas! I fear every man and woman of us is "greatly dark" to all their neighbours, from the day of birth until death removes them, in their greatest virtues as well as in their saddest thoughts; and we, who have been trying to read the character of *Burns*, may take home the lesson and be gentle in our thoughts.

## What is Light Verse?

THE value of making up one's mind and sticking to it is only too well illustrated (by inversion) in Mr. Anthony C. Deane's *Little Book of Light Verse* (Methuen), for, pretty and agreeable though it be, it is a very long way from what its title leads the anticipatory reader to expect. And all because Mr. Deane had not determined whether by light verse he meant *vers de société*, comic verse, or parody. At the first blush one might suppose that he meant all three; but a glance at his pages disproves that, for if he did he would have included more that is comic. His definitions, in the introduction, point principally to *vers de société*, and the fact that the bulk of the book is devoted to poetry in that *genre* supports the theory; and yet the statement that "amusement is its primary object," and the presence of various parodies and Hood's "Sally Brown," pulls us up short.

That all comic verse is light is an hypothesis which could easily be maintained; but that light verse is comic verse, or that amusement is its "primary object," is not defensible. Of course, it depends a little upon what Mr. Deane means by amusement; but if he means laughter, he is, we hold, wrong. The whole duty of light verse is to be graceful and charming. It may be witty too, and it may even lead to laughter (though it had better not, perhaps), but it must first of all be graceful and charming. Mr. Deane is perfectly right and worthy of all respect for his statement that a master of light verse should not be lightly dismissed as a minor poet; on the contrary, he is a major in his own domain, a domain in which poets do not compete. But holding, as he does, this very proper and unusual view, we are the more surprised that he treats Matthew Prior so casually. "It is very doubtful," he says, "if the art [of light verse] existed before the days of the *Anti-Jacobin* and *Rejected Addresses*—that is to say, roughly speaking, before the beginning of the nineteenth century." This is roughly speaking indeed: it clears away at a blow Skelton, who is the English father of the art; Herrick, Wither, Suckling; Prior and Gay, whose place in English literature is based

solely on their light verse, which they wrote in great quantities; Swift, who practised the art of light verse very assiduously with Dr. Sheridan; Pope, perhaps the greatest master of light verse English literature will ever know, and Goldsmith and Cowper. Mr. Deane, it is true, includes examples from many of these writers in his book, but just now we are concerned with his introduction, and with the statement that the *Anti-Jacobin* and the *Rejected Addresses* began the convention. Apart from the names we have mentioned to show that light verse had been consciously practised for some centuries, there is such an immediate predecessor of Canning and Frere as Christopher Anstey, of *The New Bath Guide*, a masterly exercise in Mr. Deane's medium, and one that had a far-reaching influence. Altogether, we cannot consider that Mr. Deane's introduction, although later it does include mention of some of the earlier light-verse writers whom we have enumerated, says quite so authoritative a word on the subject as the reader is entitled to.

Coming to the book itself, we find that Mr. Deane's irresolution about the true character of light verse has led to his collection being none of three things: it is not a good anthology of *vers de société*, because comic verse and parody intrude; it is not a good anthology of parody, because *vers de société* and comic verse intrude; it is not a good anthology of comic verse, because *vers de société* and parody intrude. It remains a not clearly defined collection of light poems, comic poems, and parodies, which Mr. Deane finds amusing; and, considering the wealth of material, is only a meagre collection at that. Of course, we know nothing of the conditions under which Mr. Deane compiled this book for Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library," but if the excellent *Little Book of English Lyrics* in that series contains between four hundred and five hundred pages, we see no reason why a *Little Book of Light Verse* should stop at page 188. While Mr. Deane was about it he might—had his taste been more rigorous—have made a pocket collection comparable in value to *Lyra Elegantiarum*; which, by the way, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. should put into pocket form. It is just the book to slip into one's coat, and peep at now and then on a railway journey.

In its way Mr. Deane's little book is a pleasant enough possession; but its editor's taste is not always sound, not always stern enough. He likes parodies too much. His defence of the inclusion of "Delia's Pocket Handkerchief," by Southey, would be interesting reading; and of Hook's "Daylight Dinners," and of Browning's "Pope and the Net," and of the efforts of Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell and Henry S. Leigh, and of the song from Mr. Gilbert's *Yeomen of the Guard*, and of Mr. Godley's "Vernal Verses." Mr. Godley is neat and high-spirited; but the specimens of his work given in this book are of very ordinary undergraduate quality. Henry S. Leigh and Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell are never classic, never more than skilful and gay; and a book of this size could have been made wholly classic. Mr. Gilbert's *Bab Ballads* and Savoy libretti lack finish; they show no lapidary work, as light verse should. Browning also is disqualified as a light verse writer by Mr. Deane's own dictum: no one could say of any of his efforts that they "run as smoothly as talking." As for Hook's "Daylight Dinners," it is nasty, which good light verse could not be; while Southey's lines on the handkerchief are feeble, and do not always rhyme.

We could make many further objections, but it all comes back to the fact that Mr. Deane's conception of light verse is muddled. We can show in a nutshell how his theory and our own differs. Mr. Deane chooses from Milton the lines on Hobson, the carrier, which, in addition to being technically faulty (it has such rhymes as one, overthrown; known, down; home, come; inn, chamberlain—inadmissible in good light verse, by Mr. Deane's own showing in his introduction), is a not very extraordinary production.



We should have chosen from Milton either the sonnet to Mr. Lawrence or to Cyriack Skinner, each of which is true light verse, urbane, smiling, technically faultless. We should also have given something from *Don Juan* itself, and not contented ourselves merely with the Smiths' parody of it; and we should have gone to Thomas Love Peacock, a born light verse writer; and to Leigh Hunt for "Jenny kissed me," a perfect example of light verse; and our selections from Landor would have been very different; and Tennyson's "Will Waterproof" would not have been ignored; and from Goldsmith we should have taken "Retaliation" before we took the "Mad Dog"; and Moore and Hood would both yield other selections than Mr. Deane has chosen. And all, not because we are better judges than Mr. Deane, but because we should have had a stricter sense of the meaning of the phrase "light verse."

## Correspondence.

### An Anonymous Poet.

SIR,—In a recent issue Mr. H. Milner put a question regarding the authorship of some French verses, and I rather hoped some pundit amongst ACADEMY readers would be able to answer the question, and thus satisfy Mr. Milner's curiosity and my own. However, I see no one has come forward yet with full information; and, though I cannot give Mr. Milner any certain reply as to the author, I can tell him when and where the verses were first published.

In the middle seventies—when the Murger quarter was still the only really fashionable haunt of budding genius, and Montmartre had as yet but few Olympian pretensions—a small volume of verse appeared which created quite a furore amongst the young lions of the quarter. It was bound in brown paper and execrably printed, and the lines Mr. Milner refers to—the second one, by-the-way, is ungrammatically misquoted: it should run "*par les éparées orées*"—appeared in the title poem "*L'Apothéose*." The quality of the verse was distinctly good, but for some mysterious reason the volume appeared anonymously, and even the publisher's name and address were pure inventions: a circumstance which caused a police inquiry, much *réclame* amongst my then intimates, and a good deal of spouting of the perfectly innocent verses in our café haunts.

I have always attributed the volume to one of the Parnassiens in my own mind: and it is interesting to find Mr. Milner fixes them upon Verlaine. Certain lines stick in my memory out of the little brown covered volume, and they have a certain tang of Verlaine.

Oh, Madelon!  
Sur les planches de bois  
Quand que tu dances, et je m'assieds:  
Pulsant je vois,  
Sur les planches de bois,  
Deux petites flammes que sont tes pieds.

Deux flammes ils sont  
Oh, Madelon!  
Brûlant toujours, sur les planches de bois,  
Un luth épuisé,  
Et un cœur brisé:  
Et le cœur, et le luth, et les flammes—ils sont moi.

Mr. Arthur Symonds, perhaps, could "an' he would," tell us something of the anonymous poet.—Believe me, sir, yours faithfully,

H. MORRIS.

18, Jerningham Mansions, Willesden Green.

### The French Nuns.

SIR,—The Président de Conseil and the Commissioner of the Law on Associations proclaimed, before even the Debates began, that in no instance would the demand of any order of women for authorisation meet with refusal from the Government. If this is not immunity, I am curious to know what your reviewer regards as immunity. Would he maintain that this liberal assertion implies a spirit of persecution? I have studied the law as well as he, and still contend that it is far too mild, considering the provocation received by the Republic. I am of the opinion of M. Cornély, Conservator and Catholic, that the modern congregations in France have dabbled too much in politics, commerce, and calumny, and too little in Christianity. The 120 communities of women who have fled from France, as your reviewer romantically puts it (one would think we were back in the days of the Inquisition, the Elizabethan persecution, or the Revolution, when there really was sense in describing people as "fleeing") do not deserve in the least his sentimental sympathy, for an association which cannot ask for and quietly accept State authorisation seems to me an association of dubious morality. Communities were more harshly treated under the kings of France, and one wonders how Napoleon would have treated such enemies as the Assumptionist Fathers.

Your reviewer gathers that I desire the expulsion of nuns from France. I desire the expulsion of nobody. What I should like to see is the closure of all educational communities of women, and the opening of all hospitals to the nuns. I think, also, that nuns should be prevented by State interference from exploiting the labour of orphans and girls entrusted to their charge, and thus spare us such scandals as the recent revelations of the trial of the *Bon Pasteur*, a scandal brought about not by an anti-clerical Government, but by the Archbishop of Nancy, who was the principal accuser of nuns in his own diocese.—I am, etc.,

HANNAH LYNCH.

### The Dairymaids to Pan.

Goatfoot, we know you,  
Though we cannot see you;  
Goatfoot, Goatfoot,  
Lightfoot do we flee you.  
When we hear the flocks at night  
Bleat as to the shepherd's light  
Then we girls clasp close in bed,  
Draw the coarse sheet over-head,  
Whispering, afraid to sleep,  
"Tis the good god Goatfoot  
Fondling the sheep."

Goatfoot, we hear you  
At the cow-house door,  
Goatfoot, Goatfoot,  
Through a single floor.  
Barefoot in our nightgowns then  
Timidly we wake the men;  
To the byre they venture slowly—  
As each happy cow lows lowly,  
Each hind in his turn repeats,  
"Tis the good god Goatfoot  
Easing their teats."

Goatfoot, do not fright us  
In the woodland meadows,  
Goatfoot, Goatfoot,  
When the kine have led us  
Far from home at milking-time  
Down dark groves of scented lime  
To the weedy water where  
Deep they wade for cooler air.  
Think of all your fruited feasts;  
Be the good god Goatfoot  
To herd us our beasts.

G. BOTTOMLEY.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 113 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of a book, old or new, but excluding fiction, published this year. We award the prize to Mr. Herbert Jameson, Hadley Wood, Middlesex, for the following:—

#### "BY THE IONIAN SEA."

In its own department of letters Mr. George Gissing's volume of travels, "By the Ionian Sea," strikes me as one of the outstanding books of the present year. The primary interest is that it has come from Mr. Gissing, whose versatility all admirers of his singularly good work as a novelist must here be proud to recognise. From this modern civilisation, which he depicts with true yet eclectic realism, and in his heart grieves over, he escaped for a while to the scenes of an old-world civilisation that especially attracted him, and the result is this vivid, personal, and always informing series of papers. A book of travel must have individuality or it is dull. A cultured scholar, steeped to the fingertips in classic lore, Mr. Gissing writes of what he saw and heard with a vigour of interest that carries the stay-at-home reader with him to this unfrequented land. You catch his impressions red-hot; you feel the measure of the fascination. Finely as the scenery is described, it is always made subservient to the human foreground; the people of to-day he meets are described with a novelist's insight. His enthusiasm is evident, yet purple patches are absent; the style has ease, fluency, and occasional passages have quite a lyrical charm. Altogether, "By the Ionian Sea" is a contribution to the literature (as distinguished from the journalism) of travel that deserves to live.

From fifteen other replies we select the following:—

[The writer of the criticism of "Anticipations" would have taken the prize had he observed our condition as to length.]

#### "ANTICIPATIONS."

So long as the writer confines himself to applying the scientific discoveries of this age to the practical life of the next, he gains our assent, as in the chapters on Locomotion and on Diffusion of Cities. So it is in the chapter on War—the best in the book—containing fine descriptions and vivid sarcasms. So, too, in those chapters where he shows a more sympathetically just appreciation of France and a truer measurement of the commercial prosperity and naval ambition of Germany than is usual, yet in which, strange for one of his imagination, he underrates the vast potentialities of Russia. It is when he deals with the future *Man* that the writer fails. His stern scientific people, without humour, love or pity, are not real; even the shareholder cutting up Army sausage does not grasp the humour of it, but solemnly does his duty. In dismissing philanthropy from future ethics, he is inconsistent. Men who so realise their responsibilities to the race that they marry, not lightly, according to inclination, but with grave thoughts for the future of their children, are philanthropists; and such men would evolve a better method for the elimination of vice than the lethal chamber. The writer has not realised that with the intellectual development of the race will grow a greater, albeit a clearer-sighted, love, pity and patience, and we feel that the coming man might have been drawn with a larger touch, a freer imagination, and a more human sympathy. But the book remains a stirring, mind-gripping, thought-inspiring work, and although the reforms it advocates will probably not be accomplished before the twenty-fifth century, it contains excellent suggestions for millionaires, who will doubtless make more allowance than the writer for the influence of industrial tidal waves on the abyss, apart from the character of those thus flung there. [J. P., Finchley.]

#### "LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON."

By Graham Balfour.

Stevenson affirmed that there were three modes of writing a novel. Possibly there are more in these discursive times, but he was near enough the mark for his purpose. There are certainly not more than two worthy modes of writing a biography. But of these two, whichever is selected, one infallible rule remains to be observed. The chief aim of the man described must be always before his biographer. For example, in dealing with the life of an eminent physician or lawyer you write of them principally as physician and lawyer, and only bring in the other facts and circumstances of their lives as a background and filling-in of the picture. In the case of Stevenson—who excelled in every form of literature, and was essentially a *litterateur* rather than novelist or essayist—we look for a *Life*, if it is to be an authoritative record of him for all time, treating him mainly from this standpoint. Mr. Balfour's *Life* fails to realise these expectations, and cannot but be a disappointment to all real lovers of Stevenson's works. Doubtless, the result is satisfying and sufficiently gratifying to relatives and

intimate friends, but the *Life* of R. L. S. ought to have been written for his readers and the public—not for family connections and bosom friends. We could well have dispensed with many pages of dreary detail and small events for a careful appreciation of the various productions of one who was certainly the most versatile and cosmopolitan of Scottish writers. And how captivating would have been a long chapter devoted to a study of the factors and causes of this cosmopolitanism, and the Cervantes-like character, so totally at variance with all our ideas of Scottish character and literature! It seems a pity that a countryman and relative should have been entrusted with the task of writing his *Life*; it was essentially one for an Englishman and an unbiassed friend, for Stevenson is one of the world's great authors, and not a mere pleasant conversationalist and delightful companion to a select coterie of friends and acquaintances. In this respect—if in this alone—the *Life* is defective. It does not give us a full and true picture of the man portrayed. [A. A. B., West Bromwich.]

#### "THE LIFE OF THE BEE."

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